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Pittsburgh, Jan. 6, 1832

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New-York Jan. 20th. 1832

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SURGEON DENTIST, 93 Chatham street, between Duane and Pearl streets, New-York, respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen, that he continues to practice in all the various branches of his profession, from the setting of a single tooth to a full set. He cleans, divides, and warrants his Antiscorbutic Wash, as completely efficacious in curing the diseases of the gums, fastening loose teeth, preserving those that are carious from further decay, and is a certain cure for the tooth ache. His Terro Metallic Incorruptible Teeth are a real imitation of nature; and having passed the ordeal of fire in making them, they do not absorb the saliva so as to become offensive either to the taste or smell; no particle of food can adhere to them, so the breath remains sweet. The incorruptible teeth retain color, solidity, durability, polish, strength and beauty not surpassed by any. He also sets Artificial Human Eyes which cannot be distinguished from real, and will perform every motion of the eye without giving the slightest pain. Those wishing to honor him with their commands, will find his charges moderate. The poor attended to every morning, from 7 to 8 o'clock, gratis. dec 24 1

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H. PATTINSON.

N. B. Most of the city papers are received and kept on file. [illegible] 10, 1831

DENTIST

Dr. S. BAKER & SONS,

SURGEON DENTISTS, 177 Broadway, a few doors from Courtlandt St. New-York, respectfully inform the Ladies and Gentlemen, that he continues to practice in all the various branches of his profession from the setting of a single tooth to a full set of the best kind of teeth of every description. He also cleans, divides and fills hollow teeth and extracts in the best and most careful manner. All teeth shall be set with the greatest care and ease to the patient, and his charges shall be moderate. He also makes and has on hand the best of Tooth Powder at a reasonable price, and if it do not suit, after a person has tried it once with warm water at night, they are at liberty to return it, and receive their money. For a dentist to advise people respecting their teeth is very directly for many directly think that he advises for his own good, and not for the good of the teeth; and in this way, and by neglect of parents, thousands of young people's teeth begin to rot before they know it.

We shall be happy to wait upon those ladies and gentlemen who desire our attendance at their respective dwellings.

New York, February 1, 1832.

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ESTABLISHED in 1813.—The subscriber has completed a new edition of his book of Specimens with which his customers, and other printers disposed to buy from him, may be supplied on application at his Foundry, Nos. 18 and 20 Augustus street, behind the City Hall. He would remark for the information of those who have not been in the habit of dealing with him, and because a different practice has been extensively introduced, that his book contains nothing but the actual productions of his own Foundry, and presents a true specimen of what will be furnished to orders. The assortment is very complete, his been made accurately and carefully in twenty years be brought to its present high state of perfection, and embraces a variety of styles adapted to different tastes and to the various departments of printing, Newspaper, Book, and Job, highly finished and cast of the most serviceable metal. Not to notice the varieties which are distinguished by their numbers in the Book, it contains of ROMAN and ITALICK, 27 sizes, from 12 line Pica to Pearl.

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GEORGE BRUCE.

New-York Jan. 28, 1832.

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BY WILLIAM T. PORTER & CO., CHATHAM SQUARE. [illegible] DAILY SENTINEL.

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SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK

A Sporting Paper; devoted to the Turf, the Ring, the Angler, the Hunter—News, Literature, Fashion, Taste, the Drama, and the Scenes of Real Life.

BY WILLIAM T. PORTER & CO. 35 WALL-ST., ADJOINING THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE. | NEW-YORK; SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1832. | FIRST VOLUME, NUMBER 21. THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

NEW-YORK.

Saturday Morning, May 5, 1832.

KEAN.

We find in the London [illegible]ed Kingdom, the following happy sketch of that celebrated tragedian, EDMUND KEAN. The article has a claim on the attention of our readers, from the fact that it is true, and withal, most splendidly written. As such we commend it to our friends.

"Blessed were the days of boyhood, when I was young and first saw Kean; he is bound up with my early recollections—the brightest page in a dull volume. Edmund Kean was born in Castle-street, Leicester-square. I have heard much about "paternal neglect," and "deformity," and "irons on his limbs;" but believe his greatest sufferings were from poverty—"*that iron* entered his soul." He was "let out" as a demon at Drury, where it is recorded that he overthrew a legion of devils in Macbeth, to the dismay of Kemble, whom he mollified by saying, "he (Master Edmund) had never appeared in tragedy before." He was discharged, and sent to school: thinking "a little learning was a dangerous thing," he learnt but little—sweet words and bitter punishment were equally unavailing. One day, when the master was out of sight, he went to sea; but Kean, like Macbeth, did not like to be "*cabin'd*, cribb'd, confin'd:" he therefore made a bad *cabin-boy*. His *berth* had nearly been his *death*—the vessel was bound to Behring's Straits, and they were reduced to *straights* beyond all *bearing*. He did what a bishop never does—resolved to give up the *sea*. He returned to London, and resolving to go into the country, got upon the stage—vicissitudes followed. At one time the provinces thought him a fair performer; at another, he performed at the fairs. He was at thy fair, oh! Bartholomew—so also was Belzoni—for the traveller and the tragedian were cotemporaneous. Richardson's theatre, if not as classic, is as gorgeous as its nobler rivals, and is certainly "*sustained* by the ablest *pens*." After rambling unnoticed and unknown, he appeared at Drury-Lane, (January, 1814;) when it is remembered that Russell-court abounds with Jews, it is not so surprising that his *Shylock* created a sensation. *Richard* followed, and then the neighborhood of Drury was fairly frighted from its propriety; the *impassability* of the avenues to the theatre proved that he was more than a *passable* performer. Coat-flaps of all hues and sizes might be bought, the mornings after his acting at "unprecedently low prices." The box-keepers (whose place had previously been *sinecures*) were reduced from aldermanic personages to living skeletons. He made money his first season, and took "Riches" for his benefit. He then went into the provinces, there he played day and night, and tried his *strength* by twelve *weekly* performances:—he returned to be the idol of London. Miss O'Neill came (with all her genius and attraction to Covent Garden;) but his power was undiminished. What stars for one sphere! England had not another such a pair of *drawers*. Great efforts were made to *write* Kean down: a portion of the press (like porcupines) darted their *quills* at him, they said he was uneducated—but he had been an *Eton* boy (which rather paradoxically is called being well *brought up*,) and was, at least, as learned as his critics. A player need not to be a Porson, and a man may be a good Orestes who is no *Grecian*,—one may drink at the well of learning without being required to [illegible]ow the bucket.

The technical phrase [illegible]ing perfect in a part is, "He knew the author." Kean was acting in Ireland, and had not attended rehearsal; the gentleman who played Horatio to his Hamlet wished "to run through the scene" previous to going on the stage. Kean said, "It's needless, for of course you know the author." "No, sir," was the reply, "*I never saw him in all my life?*" The time came when the greatest living favorite should be made "the mark for human malice." Damages were given against him in the Court of King's Bench; and he was afterwards *bailed* at Drury, at the instigation and for the amusement of "the Times." It was enough that he was the first actor of the first theatre to insure the venom of the "*barns*" being directed against him,—he stood like a rock amid the storm,—he was not only *Richard the Third*—he was *Richard Cœur de Lion*; but the spirit that malice could not subdue, insult might break. Every act of his life was distorted by his maligners: they said he frequented fights and cockpits—(he was avowedly partial to *Cox*,) that he loved low company; it is true he was no hunter of lords. He did not "*lick* absurd pomp," though he thrashed two or three that were absurd and pompous. But can the society of Sheridan, Erskine, and Hazlitt (and they were his associates) be deemed *low* company? An anecdote of the author of "Liber Amoris," may not be out of place here: he said his name was impervious to a pun. "That's hard," said Kean, "to say of a man who will enlighten future ages, as he *has lit* the present." Macaulay's triumphant article, in a late number of the "Edinburgh," has set the affair of Kean and Cox in its true light. I shall only add, that strange as it may seem, those that all the world *run after* find a difficulty in *keeping chaste*,—the excuse is allowed to ladies, and may surely extend to men. Some creatures revel over the destruction of genius as Cornish miners do over a wreck: such men gladly saw Kean sail for the United States,—there he rose, the star of Columbia. He acted *under Price*, but *above* all competition. He returned to be welcomed as actor never before was welcomed,—malice grew dumb; and detraction, "ashamed of its own work," also sought shelter in silence.

Kean's acting comes from the heart, and, consequently, goes to it—for this is the electricity of nature; his pathos is like the fountain in the sandy desert; his rage, the roaring of the mountain cataract; he knows every chord of the human lyre, and sounds them at will—his tenderness is the murmur of music; his wrath is the fury of the lion; his voice (how many recollections stir within me at *his* voice) has the trumpet's clangor in the battle-scene; and its mournfulness is the sighing of the wind, when it throws its low moan over the sere leaves of autumn. As a man, Kean has many errors; but "charity covereth a multitude of sins," and his hand has ever been open to the oppressed, as it has also been closed against oppressors. He would, indeed, "help any good fellow out of a ditch, and kick any rascal into one." He never spoke harshly to a menial—he never cringed to a superior. He never brooked an insult from any man, or offered one to any woman. He rivalled Kemble—he erected a monument to the memory of Cooke. They may call him a profligate if they will, but that profligate never permitted tyranny, or endured insult; he did not take advantage of his station, to demoralize the drama; he did not tarnish the glory of *his* name by the seduction of ballet-dancers and chorus singers; he made desolate no father's hearth. In the blaze of prosperity he has never forgotten the partakers of his adversity; and "come what come may," a *passing beggar* will remember *him*, when with cold eyes *others* "may look upon him." That "profligate" is a warm friend—a fond father—a man of undoubted and exalted genius—of unquestioned courage, and unbounded generosity. That "profligate" took off his great coat on one of the coldest nights of January, to wrap round the shivering form of a *male* mendicant (parting with his great coat was much from one who is said to be so very fond of a *beautiful* BENJAMIN.) Heaven send him a revival of health, and many long and happy years to enjoy it. Die when he may, in his grave will lie one who had no superior as an actor; one who triumphed over all obstacles—was the idol of England and America; one whom the widow of our Roscius declared to be superior to Kemble, and who with Sheridan for a friend, had Byron for an eulogist. W. L. R.

ENGLISH FOX-HUNTING.

MELTON MOWBRAY.

The last number of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, contains an excellent article which we copy to day, on the exhilarating old English Sport of Fox-Hunting. We thought an insertion of it would please our friends more than almost any thing of the kind we could present. This mode of hunting "sly Reynard," has rather fallen away in this country, though at the South, it is occasionally revived by some "old English Gentlemen" as they are termed in Virginia. In New-York or Pennsylvania it seldom or ever occurs that horses are introduced in this Sport, and never we believe in the New England States. This is not to be wondered at from the fact that the expense of keeping a pack of Fox Hounds is about $20,000, per annum, at least in England. The Hunters cost from $2,000 to $4,500 each.

The recent retirement of the Duke of Rutland from the field has been felt to leave a vacuum in the hunting world. Those hounds are now in the possession of a very popular young nobleman, Lord Forester; and his grace subscribes £1200 per annum towards their support; but the Duke himself no longer hunts, neither is there the annual assemblage of sportsmen that was wont to be within the walls of Belvoir Castle. These are circumstances which have caused much regret; for his grace retires with the good name of all the fox-hunting population. He did the thing with princely magnificence, both in doors and out, and if materials had been sought for to furnish a faithful representation of the style and grandeur of the genuine English nobleman, giving a fair part of his attention to the arrangements of the chase, we have reason to believe they would have been all met with at Belvoir.

Although most foreigners express vast surprise that we should go to such expenses in hunting the fox, unattended by the parade of the continental *chasse*, yet several of them have of late been induced to make their appearance in Leicestershire and some few have shown that, had they been born Englishmen, and rightly initiated in the art, they must have been conspicuous characters in the field. The performance of Count Sandore an Hungarian nobleman, who resided one year at Melton Mowbray, on a visit to Lord Alvanley, have already met the public eye, and his daring horsemanship, and consequent mishaps, formed the subject of an amusing tale. From a ludicrous description given of them by himself, a series of pictures were painted by Mr Ferneley, of Melton Mowbray, representing him in as extraordinary and perilous situation as the imagination of man could have conceived. Fiction, however, was not resorted to, every scene being a real one, and the count—the delight of the Meltonians—carried them to his own country, on his return, together with some English mares to produce hunters, having had a good taste of the breed. [illegible] was mounted by Mr Tilbury, a celebrated horse dealer in London, who found him a stud of 8 horses for the season, for the moderate sum of one thousand pounds, in concluding every contingent expense. Count Bathiana was likewise at Melton last year, as also Count Hahn, from Germany; and Count Matuchevitch, the Russian minister, is residing there now. His excellency has ten hunters of his own, rides hard, and is much esteemed by the Meltonians, and all sportsmen in the neighborhood. During the visit of Don Miguel to the Duke of Wellington at Strathfieldsay a few years back, he went out with the Vine hounds, (late Mr Chute's,) to which his grace is a subscriber. He rode a celebrated hunter of the late king's and gallantly did he put him along. It too often happens, however, on such occasions, when sport is most anxiously desired for the amusement of some distinguished individual, that the game runs short, or the scent lies faintly. Such was good deal the case in this instance, although there was running enough to show that Miguel would have stopped at nothing that might have come in his way to oppose his being with the hounds. Of his qualities as a sportsman there was little opportunity of judging, but he certainly showed himself to be a horseman of a superior cast; insomuch that those who observed him were little astonished with the accounts of his personal activity in the first weeks of his return to Portugal: he, at that crisis, is said to have ridden six hundred miles in six successive days, a feat which those that have travelled on Portuguese roads will appreciate. So much for, we fear, one of the last persons to whom any body would think of applying Woodsworth's eulogium on the "Shepherd Lord."

"In him the savage virtue of the chase,
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts, were dead."

It is a hackneyed enough remark, that both ancient and modern writers make sad work of it when when they attempt a description of heaven. To describe a run with fox hounds is a not much easier task; but to make the attempt with any other country than Liecestershire in our eye, would be giving a chance away. Let us then suppose ourselves at Ashby Pasture, in the Quorn country, with Mr Osbaldeston's hounds. Let us also indulge ourselves with a fine morning in the first week of February, and at least two hundred well-mounted men by the cover's side. Time being called—say quarter past eleven, nearly our great grandfather's dinner hour—the hounds approach the furze brake, or gorse, as it is called in that region. "*Hark, in Hark!*" with a slight cheer, and perhaps one wave of his cap, says Mr. Osbaldeston, who has long hunted his own pack, and in an instant he has not a hound at his horse's heels. In a very short time the gorse appears shaken in various parts of the cover—apparently from an unknown cause, not a single hound being for some minutes visible. Presently one or two appear, leaping over some old furze which they cannot push through, and exhibit to the field their glossy skins and spotted sides. "Oh your beauties!" exclaims some old Meltonian, rapturously fond of the spot. Two minutes more elapse: another hound slips out of cover, and takes a short turn outside, with his nose to the ground and his stern lashing his side—thinking no doubt he might touch on a drag, should Reynard have been abroad in the night. Hounds have no business to think, thinks the second whipper in, who observes him, but one crack with his whip, with "Rasselas, Rasselas, where are you going Rasselas! *Get to cover Rasselas!*" and Rasselas immediately disappears. Five minutes more pass away. "No fox here," says one. "Don't be in a hurry" cries Mr. Craddock(1) "they are drawing it beautifully, and there is rare lying in it." These words are scarcely uttered, when the cover shakes more than ever. Every stem appears alive, and it reminds us of a corn field waving in the wind. In two minutes the sterns of some more hounds are seen flourishing, (2) above the gorse. "*Have at him, there,*" holloes the Squire,(3) they go see still more alive and hounds leaping over each other's backs. "*Have at him there*" [illegible] "Tally ho!" [illegible] the Squire, [illegible] we cannot give here. Jack Stevens, the first whipper in, looks at his watch. At this moment John White, Val Maher, Frank Holyoake, [illegible] who will pardon us for giving them the [illegible] (4) and two or three more of the last ones, are seen creeping gently on towards a point at which they think it probable he may break. "Hold hard there," says a sportsman, but he might as well speak to the winds. "Stand still, gentlemen, pray stand still" exclaims the huntsman, he might as well say to the sun. During the time we have been speaking of all the field have been making—gloves put on—cigars thrown away—the bridle reins gathered well up into the hand and hats pushed down upon the brow.

At this interesting period, a Snob (5) just arrived from a very rural country, and unknown to any one, but determined to witness the start, gets into a conspicuous situation. "Come away, Sir!" holloas the master, (little suspecting the Snob may be nothing less than one of the Quarterly Reviewers) "What mischief are you doing there? Do you think you can catch the fox?" A breathless silence ensues. At length a whisper is heard in the cover—like the voice of a dog in a dream; it is Flourisher, (6) and the Squire cheers him to the echo. In an instant a hound challenges—and another—and another. 'Tis enough. "*Tallyho!*" cries a countryman in a tree. "He's gone," exclaims Lord Alvanley; and clapping spurs to his horse, in an instant is in the front rank.

As all good sportsmen would say, "Ware hounds!" cries Sir Harry Goodriche. "Give them time," exclaims Mr John Moore. "That's right," says Mr. Osbaldeston, "spoil your own sport as usual." "*Go along,*" roars out Mr Holyoake, "there are three couple of hounds on the scent." "That's your sort," says Billy Coke,(7) coming up at the rate of thirty miles an hour on *advance*, with a label pinned on his back, "*he kicks*," "the rest are all coming, and there's a rare scent to day, I'm sure." Bonaparte's Old Guard, in its best days, would not have stopped such men as these, so long as life remained in them.

Only those who have witnessed it can know in what an extraordinary manner hounds that are left behind in cover make their way through the crowd, and get up to the leading ones in the pack, which have been fortunate in getting away with their fox. It is true, they possess the speed of a race horse, but nothing short of their high mettle could induce them to thread their way through a body of horsemen going at the best pace, with the prospect of being ridden over and maimed at every stride they take. But as Beckford observes, "'Tis the dash of the foxhound which distinguishes him." A turn, however, in their favor on a momentary loss of scent in the few hounds that have shot a-head—an occurrence to be looked for on such occasions—jams head and tail together and the scent being good, every hound settles to his fox, the pace gradually proves *vires acquirit eundo*; *a terrible burst is the result*.

At the end of nineteen minutes the hounds came to a fault, and for a moment the fox has a chance—in fact, they have been pressed upon by the horses and have rather over run the scent. "What a pity!" says one. "What a shame!" cries another—alluding perhaps to a young one who would and could have gone still faster. "You may thank yourselves for this," exclaims Osbaldeston, well up at the time, Clasher looking fresh; but only fourteen men of the two hundred are to be counted—all the rest *coming*. At one blast of the horn the hounds are back to the point at which the scent has failed, Jack Stevens being in his place to turn them. "*Yo doit! Pastime,*" says the Squire, as she feathers her stern down the hedge row, looking more beautiful than ever. She speaks. "Worth a thousand by Jupiter!" cries John White, looking over his left shoulder as he sends both spurs into Euxton delighted to see only four more of the field are up. Our Snob, however is amongst them. He has "gone a good one," and his countenance is expressive of delight, as he urges his horse to his speed to get again into a front place.

The pencil of the painter is now wanting; and unless the painter should be a sportsman, even his pencil would be worth little. What a country is before him!—what a panorama does it represent! Not a field of less than forty—some a hundred acres—and no more signs of the plough than in the wilds of Siberia. See the hounds in a body that might be covered by a damask table-cloth—every stern down, and every head up, for there is no need of stooping, the scent lying breast high. But the crash!—the music—how to describe these? Reader, there is no crash now, and not much music. It is the tinker that makes a great noise over little work, but at the pace these hounds are going there is no time for babbling.—Perchance one hound in ten may throw his tongue as he goes to inform his comrades, as it were, that the villain is on before them, and most musically do the light notes of vocal and far famed Venus fall on the ear of those who may be within reach to catch them. But who is so fortunate in this second burst, nearly as terrible as the first? Our fancy supplies us again, and we think we could name them all. If we look to the left, nearly abreast of the pack, we see six men going gallantly, and quite as straight as the hounds themselves are going; and on the right are four more, riding equally well, though the former have rather the best of it, owing to having had the inside of the hounds at the last two turns, which must be placed to the chapter of accidents. A short way in the rear, by no means too much so to enjoy this brilliant run, are the rest of the elite of the field, who had come up at the first check; and a few who thanks to the goodness of their steeds and their determination to be with the hounds, appear as if dropped from the clouds. Some however begin to show symptoms of distress. Two horses are seen loose in the distance—a report is flying about that one of the field is badly hurt, and something is heard of a collar bone being broken, others say it is a leg, but the pace is too *good* to inquire. A cracking of rails is now heard, and one gentleman's horse is to be seen resting nearly balanced, across one of them, his rider being on his back in the ditch, which is on the landing side. "Who is he?" says Lord Brudenell to Jack Stevens. "I cant tell, my Lord, but I thought it was a queerish place when I came over it before." It is evidently a case of peril, but the pace is *too good* to afford help.

Up to this time, "Snob" has gone quite in the first flight; the "Toes" begin to eye him, and when an opportunity offers, the question is asked—"Who is that fellow on the little bay horse?" "Don't know him," says Mr. *Little* Gilmore (a fourteen stone Scotchman, by the bye,) ganging galiantly to the hounds—"He can ride," exclaims Lord Rancliffe. "A tip-top provincial depend upon it," adds Lord Plymouth, going quite at his ease on a thorough bred nag, three stone above his weight, and in perfect racing trim. Animal nature, however, will cry "enough," how good soever she may be, if unreasonable man press her beyond the point. The line of scent lies right athwart a large grass ground, (as a field is termed in Leicestershire,) somewhat on the ascent, abounding in ant hills, or hillocks peculiar to old grazing land, and thrown up by the plough some hundred years since, into rather high ridges, with deep, holding furrows between each. The fence at the top is impracticable—Mr. Conies "a stopper," nothing for it but a gate, leading into a broad green lane, high and strong, with deep sippery ground on each side of it. "Now for the timber jumper," cries Osbaldeston, pleased to find himself upon Clasher. "For heaven's sake, take care of my hounds, in case they may be thrown up in the lane." Snob is here in the best of company, and that moment perhaps the happiest of his life; but not satisfied with his situation, wishing to out Herod Herod, and to have a fine story to tell when he gets home, he pushes to his speed on ground on which all regular Leicestershire men are careful, and the death warrant of the little bay horse is signed. It is true he gets first to the gate, and has no idea of opening it, sees it contains fine new and strong bars, that will neither bend nor break, has a great idea of a fall, but no idea of refusing; presses his hat firmly on his head, and gets his whip hand at liberty to give the good little nag a refresher, but all at once he perceives that it will not do. When attempting to collect him for the effort he finds his mouth dead and his neck stiff; fancies he hears something like a wheezing in his throat; and discovering quite unexpectedly, that the gate would open wisely avoids a fall which was *booked* had he attempted to leap it. He pulls up then at the gate; and as he places the hook of his whip under the latch, John White goes over it close to the hinge post, and Captain Ross, upon Clinker, follows him. The Reviewer then walks through.

The scene now shifts. On the other side of the lane is a fence of this description: it is a new ly plashed hedge, abounding in strong growers as they are called, and a yawning ditch on the further side; but, as is peculiar to Leicestershire and Northamptonshire, a considerable portion of the blackthorn, left uncut leans outwards from the hedge, somewhat about breast high. This large fence is taken by all now with the hounds—some to the right and some to the left of the direct line—but the little bay horse would have no more of it. Snob put him twice at it, and manfully too, but the wind is out of him, and he has no power to rise. Several scrambles, but only one fall, occur at this "rasper" all having nearly enough of the killing pace; and a mile and a half further, the second horses are fallen in with, just in the nick of time. A short check from the stain of sheep makes every thing comfortable; and the Squire having hit off his fox like a workman, thirteen men out of two hundred, are fresh mounted, and with the hounds, which settle to the scent again at a truly killing pace.

"*Hold hard, Holwoake!*" exclaims Mr. Osbaldeston (now mounted on Blucher, knowing what double quick time he would be marching to with fresh pipes to play upon, and the crowd well shaken off, "pray him there. At again and Tickle good but [illegible]—what a head they are carrying! I'll bet a thousand they kill him." "The country appears better and better." "He's taking a capital line," exclaims Sir Harry Goodrich, as he points out to Sir James Musgrave two young Furrier hounds, who are particularly distinguishing themselves at the moment. "Worth a dozen Reform Bills," shouts Sir Francis Burdette, sitting erect upon Sampson, (1) and putting his head straight at a yawner. "We shall have the Whissendine brook," cries Mr. Maher, who knows every yard in the country, "for he is making straight for Teigh." "And a bumper too, after last night's rain," holloas Captain Berkeley, determined to get first to four stiff rails to a corner. "So much the better," says Lord Alvanley, "I like a bumper at all times." "A *fig* for the Whissendine," cries Lord Gardner; "I am on the best water jumper in my stable."

The prophecy turns up. Having skirted Ranksborough gorse, the villain has nowhere to stop short of Woodwell-head cover, which he is pointing for; and in ten minutes, or less the brook appears in view. It is even with its banks, and

"Smooth glides the water where the brook is deep."

"Yoo!, over he goes!" holloes the Squire, as he perceives Joker and Jewell plunging into the stream and Red-rose shaking herself on the opposite bank. Seven men, out of thirteen, take it in their stride; three stop short, their horses refusing the first time, but come well over the second; and three find themselves in the middle of it. The gallant "Frank Forester" is among the latter; and having been requested that morning to wear a friend's new red coat, to take of the gloss and glare of the shop, he accomplished the task to perfection in the bluish-black mud of the Whissendine, only then subsiding after a three days flood (1). "Who is that under his horse in the brook?" inquires that good sportsman and fine rider, Mr Green, of Rollenston, whose noted old mare had just skimmed over the water like a swallow on a summer's evening. "Only Dick Christian," (2) answers Lord Forester, "and it is nothing new to him." "But he'll be drowned," exclaims Lord Kinnaird. "I should not wonder," observes Mr. William Coke. But the pace is *too good to inquire*.

The fox does his best to escape; he threads hedge rows, tries the out buildings of a farm-house, and once turns so short as nearly to run his foil, but—the perfection of the thing—the hounds turn shorter than he does, as much as to say—*we you shall*. The pace has been awful for the last twenty minutes. Three horses are blown to a stand still, and few are going at their ease. "Out upon this great carcass of mine; no horse that was ever foaled can live under it at this pace, and over this country," says one of the best of the welter weights, as he stands over his four hundred guinea chesnut, then rising from the ground, after giving him a heavy fall—his tail nearly erect in the air, his nostrils violently distended, and his eyes almost fixed. "Not hurt, I hope," exclaimed Mr Maxse, to *somebody* whom he gets a glimpse of through the openings of a tall quickset hedge which is between them, coming neck and croup into the adjoining field, from the top bar of a high, hog backed style. His eye might have been spared the unpleasing sight, had not his ear been attracted to a sort of *procumbit-humi* sound of a horse falling to the ground on his back, the bone of his left hip indenting the ground within two inches of his rider's [illegible]. It is young Peyton (3) who having missed his second horse at the check, had been going [illegible] the way in distress, but from nerve and pluck, perhaps peculiar to Englishmen, but very peculiar to himself, got within three fields of this brilliant run. The fall was all but a certainty; for it was the third stiff timber fence that had unfortunately opposed him, after his horse's wind had been pumped out by the pace; but he was too good to refuse them, and his horse knew better than to do so.

And Virgil ends with a death, and a chase is not complete without it. The fox dies within half a mile of Woodwell head, evidently his point from the first; the pack pulling him down in the middle of a large grass field, every hound but one at his brush. Jack Stevens with him in his hands would be a subject worthy of Edwin Landseer. Some [illegible] a black thorn, which has laid hold of his check, has besmeared his upper garments with blood, and one side of his head and cap are cased in mud, by a fall he has had in a lane, his horse having alighted in the ruts from a high flight of rails; but he has ridden the same horse throughout the run, and has handled him so well, he would have gone two miles further, if the chase had been continued so long. Osbaldeston's who hoop might have been heard to Cottesmore, had the wind set in that direction, and every man present is extatic with delight. "Quite the cream of the thing, I suppose," says Lord Gardner, a very promising young one, at this time fresh in Leicestershire. "The cream of everything in the shape of fox hunting," observes the excellent sportsman Sir James Musgrave, at that moment at his watch. "Just ten miles, as the crow flies, in one hour and ten minutes, with but two trifling checks over the finest country in the world. *What superb hounds are these!*" added the baronet, as he turned his horse's head to the wind. "You are right," says Col. Lowther, "they are perfect. I wish my father had seen them do their work to day." Some of the field now come up who could not live in the first flight; but as there is no jealousy here they congratulate each other on the fine day's sport, and each man turns his head towards home.

A large party dine this evening at the old club, where, of course, this fine run is discussed, and the following accurate description of it is given by one of the oldest members, a true friend to fox hunting, and to all mankind as well:—"We found him," said he, "at Ashby Pasture, and got away with him, up wind, at a slapping pace over Burrow Hill leaving Tilton Wood to the right, when a trifling check occurred. He then pointed for Ranksborough gorse, which some feared and others hoped, he might hang in a little, but he was too good to go near it. Leaving that on his right also, he crossed the brook to Whissendine, going within half a mile of the village, and then he had nothing for it but to fly. That magnificent country, in the direction of Teigh, was open to him, and he showed that he had the courage to face it. Leaving Teigh on the right, Woodwell-head was his point, and in two more fields he would have reached it. Thus we found him in the Quorn country, ran him over the finest part of Lord Lonsdale's and killed him on the borders of the Belvoir. Sir Bellingham Graham's hounds once gave just such another taste from the same place, and at the same time, when the field was nearly as much beaten as they were to day."

But we have left Snob in the lane, who, after casting a longing eye towards his more fortunate companions, who were still keeping well in with the hounds—throws the rein over the neck of the good little bay horse, and, walking by his side, that he may recover his wind, enquires his way to Melton. Having no one to converse with, he thus soliloquizes as he goes.—"What a dolt have I been, to spend five hundred a year on my stable, in any country but this! For stop a little: how is it that I, weighing but eleven stone four pounds with my saddle, and upon my best horse, an acknowledged good one in my own country, could neither go so fast nor so long as that heavy fellow Maxse; that still heavier Lord Alvanley; and that Monster Tom Edge, who, they tell me, weighs eighteen stone at least, in the scales." At this moment, a bridle gate opened into the lane, and a gentleman in scarlet appears, with his countenance pale and wan, and expressive of severe pain. It is he who had been dug out of the ditch in which Jack Stevens had left him, his horse having fallen upon him, after being suspended on the rail, and broken three of his ribs. Feeling extremely unwell, he is glad to meet with Snob, who is going his road,—to Melton,—and who offers him all the assistance in his power. Snob also repeats to him his soliloquy, at least the sum and substance of it, on which the gentleman,—recovering a little from his faintness by the help of a glass of brandy and water at the village,—thus makes his comment:—"I think, Sir, you are a stranger in this part of the world." "Certainly," replied Snob, "it is my first appearance in Leicestershire." "I observed you in the run," continued the wounded sportsman, "and very well you went up to the time I fell, but particularly so to the first check. You then rode to a leader, and made an excellent choice; but after that period, I saw you take a line of your own, and anticipated the fate you have met with. If you remain with us long, you will be sure to find out that riding to hounds in Leicestershire is different from what it is in most other countries in England, and requires a little apprenticeship. There is much choice of ground; and if this choice be not judiciously made, and coupled with a cautious observance of pace, a horse is beaten in a very short time. If you doubt my creed look to the events of this memorable day." Snob thanks him for his hints, and notes them in his book of memory.

The fame of Snob and his little bay horse reaches Melton before he walks in himself. "That provincial fellow did not go amiss to day," says one. "Who was that rural-looking man on a neatish bay horse—all but his tail—who was so well with us at the first check?" asks another, who himself could not get to the end, although he went "a good one" three parts of the way. There is no one present to answer these questions; but the next day, and the next, Snob is in the field again, and again in a good place. Further enquiries are made, and satisfactory information obtained. On the fourth day, a nod from one—a "how do you?" from another—"a fine morning," from a third—are tokens good-humouredly bestowed upon him by some of the leading men; and on the fifth day, after a capital half-hour, in which he had again distinguished himself, a noble *bon-vivant* thus addressed him "Perhaps, sir, you would like to dine with me to-day; I shall be happy to see you at seven."

"Covers," he writes next day to some friends in his remote western province, "were laid for eight, the favorite number of our late king; and perhaps his Majesty never sat down to a better-dressed dinner in his life. To my surprise, the subject of fox hunting was named but once during the evening, and that was when an order was given that a servant might be sent to inquire after a gentleman who had had a bad fall that morning over some timber; and to ask, by the way, if Dick Christian came alive out of a ditch, in which he had been left with a clever young thorough bred on the top of him." The writer proceeds to describe an evening, in which wit and music were more thought of than wine—and presenting in all respects, a perfect contrast to the old notions of a fox-hunting society. But we have already trespassed on delicate ground, and perhaps filled as much space as an *excursus* of this nature should ever claim.

(1) This gentleman resides within the limits of the Quorn hunt, and kindly superintends the management of the covers.

(2) Technical for the motion of a hound's stern or tail when he first feels a scent, but is not able to own or acknowledge it.

(3) When Mr. Osbaldeston had the Quorn hounds, three of the four packs which hunted in the same county [illegible].

(4) John White, Esq. of Park Hall, Derbyshire; Valentine Maher, Esq. a member of the Old Club; and Francis Littleton Holyoake, Esq. of Studley Castle, Warwickshire.

(5) We know nothing of the derivation of the word [illegible].

(6) A noted finder now in Mr Osbaldeston's pack.

(7) Nephew to Mr. Coke of Holkham; his favorite mare ADVANCE is dangerous in a crowd, and thus the necessity of a label.

(1) A favorite hunter of the baronet's which he once honored by coming all the way from London to Melton to ride one day with the hounds.

(1) A true story.

(2) A [illegible] rough rider at Melton Mowbray, who [illegible] the late grand steeple [illegible] per day for riding [illegible].

(3) The only son of Sir Henry Peyton, Bart., one of the best and hardiest riders of the present day.

For the Spirit of the Times and Life in New York.

MAY.

Romulus named the month of May in honor of his nobles and senators, termed *majores* or elders; as the following month was called June out of compliment to the *Juniors* who served him in the wars; and though it is well known that we have some absolute wisdom among our Elder or *Aldermen*, yet it must be admitted that those worshipful dignitaries in the time of Romulus, evinced a more genial and cheerful sagacity than has been ever exemplified by their successors, for they nearly converted the whole month of May into holidays. As they saw the young year advancing towards them, budding with beauty, and pouring out bounteous promises of fruits and flowers, they sent out their hearts and voices into the valleys and meadows to meet her, escorting her emblematically into the city under the symbol of the Goddess Flora, crowned with triumphant garlands, and preceded by banners and dancing. Who but must feel his face flush with delight if he suffers his imagination to run back through all the Mays of antiquity, with their awakening suns—delicious meadows—budding groves—sparkling waters, and rejoicing creatures? Who will step out of the dust, and smoke, and anxious turmoil of New York, into the green fields, and with a blossoming Sprig in his hand, give up the day to rural rambles and holiday associations? We will: and we hereby invite the reader, whether gentle or simple, to accompany us. What! obey the call of a stranger? Ay, or you will not go at all, for to many of ye, Nature is a greater stranger still, and yet she wafts you a perfumed billet which she despatches by the breeze; she has decorated her festive halls with boughs and garlands; painted the floor where we are to dance with living buttercups and daisies; and hark! her feathered orchestra has already struck up its music, for we can distinguish the notes of the Black-bird and the Thrush. Nay, if ye will not obey our summons, we shall class you with the superannuated, to whom the poet refers in his description of Spring:

"O how delightful is the bursting spring,
When the warm blood leaps nimbly through the veins,
And with the budding forth and blossoming
Of fields and groves, methinks the soul attains
Fresh life and greenness, wantons in the breeze,
Sings with the birds, and with the waving trees
Dances in unison. The spring-time gushes
In us as in the lusty grass and bushes;
And the same hand that o'er the meadow showers
King cups and daisies, daffodils and pansies,
Garnishes the human heart with all the flowers
Of love, hope, rapture, and poetic fancies.
If, when all nature feels this pregnant thrilling,
To its delicious promptings thou art mute,
Be sure that age begins, with its ethes chilling,
To freeze thy sap and wither up thy root."

Let those who are willing to enroll themselves in this class, keep their May-day in New-York; for even in its murkiest precincts the penetrating voice of nature is heard, and a very moving effect it produces.

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOREIGN NEWS.

Since our last, by the arrival on Monday afternoon of the packet ship CANADA, **Capt Wilson, from Liverpool, we have received London and Liverpool dates to the 31st of March; the Canada sailed on the day following.**

The only important **news we find** is, that the Cholera has broken out in Paris, though it is thought its ravages will not be of so serious a character, as in England.

LATER. The London packet ship COLUMBIA, Capt Delano, arrived on Tuesday morning, bringing dates to the evening of the 31st; those by the Canada were to the morning of that day. They contain no additional information of importance.

The official Cholera Report is one day later.—Under date of the 31st of March, it states that there were 87 new cases in London, and 44 deaths, since the preceding day. In the country 33 new cases and 16 deaths.

DUELLING IN FRANCE.—In consequence of some reflections by the Editor of the Tribune on Marshal Lobau, Commandant to the Parisian National Guard, four officers on the staff of the Marshal, last week, paid a visit to the office of the Tribune et Mouvement with—to use homely language—a very bullying message. Taken unaware, the principal editor refused to meet a body of persons, but offered to give the Marshal himself personal satisfaction. The affair got wind, however, and in the course of the day many hundred young men left their cards at the office of the Tribune, praying to be allowed as assistant editors (redacteurs,) to take off the odds; and, accordingly, the Tribune of Thursday, intimated to the etat-major publicly in its columns, that 67 "editors of the Tribune" were ready to go out with the 67 officers of which the etat major (staff) is composed. Saturday produced the first of the duels resulting from this challenge en masse. The principals in this affair were Gen. Jacqueminot (of the etat-major) and M. Balmonte, the editor (in chief) of the Tribune. The former was attended by Gen. Gourgaud and Col. Taunton; the latter by Col. Bricqueville (a deputy) and M. Cattel, editor of the National. After an exchange of shots, the seconds interfered, and that particular affair was at last made up. It is by no means certain, however, that the remaining 66 officers of etat-major will not call out the remaining 66 editors of the Tribune.

A DENIAL.—In a recent debate in the British House of Commons, Mr Dawes alluded to some of his opponents, and among others to "the noble member from Sussex, who was asleep." Lord G. Lenox arose and declared that he "was *not* asleep,—he had kept awake, although he had been in the House for many hours, and had been compelled to listen to Dawes' speeches."

"GOOD SOCIETY."—The following strange occurrence has taken place at Champignolles (Eure) France:

An inhabitant of the village having dug a hole to entrap a wolf, put upon it a live goose as a bait for the voracious animal. Another inhabitant, on perceiving the fluttering goose at a distance, approached it, and fell into the ditch, which was eight feet deep, the sides being cut out so as to form an inverted cone. He vainly attempted to get out, and was patiently waiting for the return of day. But he had not waited long when something very heavy fell upon his shoulders. This was a wolf attracted by the bait. The fright of the man may be easily imagined; that of the wolf was equally great, for he immediately got into a corner, whence he did not stir all night. When day appeared, the man who had made the trap came up for his prey, and was not a little surprised at finding his two prisoners. The man was taken out more dead than alive. No forbearance was shown to the wolf, which was killed, for his forbearance during the night.—*Galignani.*

FASHIONS.

Prince Muckler Paskan is high authority upon all that pertains to fashion, and our lady readers will be surprised at his description of Almack's.

"The first Almack's ball took place this evening; and from all I had heard of this celebrated assembly, I was really curious to see it; but never were my expectations so disappointed. It was not much better than at Brighton. A large bare room, with a bad floor, and ropes around it, like the space in an Arab camp parted off for the horses; two or three small naked rooms at the side, in which were served the most wretched refreshments; and a company into which, spite of the immense difficulty of getting tickets, a great many 'Nobodies' had wriggled; in which the dress was generally as tasteless as the 'tournure,' was bad; this was all. In a word, a sort of mis-entertainment—the music and the lighting the only good things. And yet Almack's is the culminating point of the English world of fashion.

"This overstrained simplicity had, however, originally a motive. People of real fashion wished to oppose something extremely cheap to the monstrous 'taste' of the rich 'parvenus;' while the institution of lady-patronesses, without whose approbation no one could be admitted, would render it inaccessible to them. Money and bad company (in the aristocratical sense of the word) have, however, forced their way; and the only characteristic which has been retained is the unseemly place, which is not unlike the 'local' of a shooting ball in our large towns, and forms a most ludicrous contrast with the general splendor and luxury of England."

DESCRIPTION OF CROCKFORD.—"This person is a man of genius, who has raised himself from the estate of a poor fish-monger to that of the scourge, and at the same time the favorite of the rich and fashionable world. He is a gambler who has won millions (German money), and with them has built a gambling palace on the plan of the salons at Paris, but with a truly Asiatic splendor almost surpassing loyalty. Every thing is in the new revived taste of Louis XIV., decorated with [illegible] less excrescences, excess of guilding, confused mixture of stucco painting, &c.—a turn of fashion very consistent in a country where nobility grows more and more like that of the time of Louis XIV.———The company forms a club; admission is very difficult to obtain, and altho' games of hazard are illegal in England, most of the Ministers are members, and the—— the Premier, one of the managers of this gaming club!"

THE TOILETTE OF A LONDON DANDY.—As a sample of the necessities of a London dandy, I send you the following statement by my 'fashionable wash-woman,' who his employed by some of the most distinguished 'elegans,' and is the only person who [illegible] cravats of the right stiffness, or fold the bosom of the shirts with plaits of the right size. An elegant then requires per week—twenty shirts, twenty-four pocket handkerchiefs, (unless he wears black ones) [illegible] waistcoats, [illegible] [illegible]. I leave your housewifely [illegible]. But as a dandy cannot get on without dressing three or four times a day, the affair is [illegible] simple, for he must appear—1st. In breakfast toilette—a chintz dressing gown and Turkish slippers. 2d. Morning riding dress—frock coat, boots and spurs. 3d. Dinner dress—dress coat and shoes. 4th. Ball dress, with 'pumps,' a word signifying shoes as thin as paper.—*Tour of a German Prince.*

Some boys a few days since caught two young foxes on the farm of George Anderson, Esq. They carried them to Mr Anderson's house, and put them with a cat that had two small kittens—puss immediately took them into possession, and nourishes them as attentively as if they were her own offspring—the young reynards seem perfectly contented with their new mother.—*C[illegible] (C. C.) Observer.*

SLANDER.

COMMON PLEAS.—BEFORE JUDGE IRVING.
George Jones vs. Alexander Wilson.

This was an action for slander. The plaintiff alledged that he was a familiar associate and intimate friend of Mary Ann Duff, and Mary C. W. Duff, her daughter, and betrothed in marriage to the daughter; that on the 10th day of January, 1832, in a conversation between the defendant and Mrs. Duff, the defendant declared that "he hoped Miss Duff never would be the wife of Jones, for that to his knowledge, he was a most unworthy young man; that go where he would, he would get into debt and cheat people, and then leave the place; and that he had received letters from Mrs Barnard containing money, which he denied receiving."

The plaintiff further alleged that Wilson the defendant, had said that "he had taken a gold chain from the neck of a lady, the wife of a gentleman in whose family he visited, and that when he returned to Boston, the husband would take him up for theft."

By reason of these grievances, the plaintiff averred that he was greatly injured in his good name, and that the said Mary C. W. Duff did in consequence refuse to receive his attentions. The plaintiff then read in evidence the deposition of Mrs Mary Ann Duff, Mrs. D. being unwell, and not able to attend. It was as follows.

City and County of New-York, ss.

Mary Ann Duff of the said city, being duly sworn, doth depose and say, that she has been acquainted with the parties to the above entitled cause for some years—was [illegible] defendant say that plaintiff was a most unworthy young man; that wherever he went he got in debt and left the place and cheated people; that plaintiff had done so in Portland. These words of defendant were spoken in January last in the Richmond Hill Theatre, in the green room thereof. That a great many of the performers heard these words—they were spoken in a loud tone. The defendant also said that Jones had received letters with money in them from Mrs Berard and had denied the receipt of said letters. The words aforesaid were repeated several times that [illegible] and on different occasions. That said Mrs Bernard is the widow of Charles Bernard. Defendant said that plaintiff had taken a gold chain from the neck of a lady, the wife of a gentleman in whose family he visited, and that when he returned to Boston the husband would take him up for the theft. This was said some few days after the first charges made by defendant against the plaintiff. Defendant said he had heard a report that deponent's daughter was married to plaintiff. Defendant has often said that he hoped deponent's daughter was not married to plaintiff, and that she would not be. Defendant gave reasons for what he said, as they are detailed in the former part of this examination. Deponent did not know that plaintiff was a suitor to her daughter at that time, and told defendant so. That plaintiff was as intimate in deponent's family as a brother. Deponent, in consequence of these stories, wrote a letter to her daughter in Philadelphia—the letter now produced marked A.—Said letter was written under excitement, immediately after the first conversations had with defendant. Deponent did not believe the stories of defendant, but she thinks that defendant believed them, and that said stories were calculated to be prejudicial to the reputation of her and her children. That the letter A. aforesaid was written to deponent's daughter, Mary C. W. Duff.

Cross examined.—Deponent has known defendant for about six or ten years. Deponent always thought that defendant was friendly to her, and family until now. Deponent understood defendant to mean that plaintiff defrauded people by not paying his debts. She so understands the meaning of the word cheat. Deponent says that defendant said he could take his oath that his charges were true against plaintiff. Defendant said I know it to be true. I can take my oath of it. Deponent thinks that whenever defendant told these stories he was believed, to the detriment and destruction of plaintiff's character. Deponent did not and does not believe the stories against Mr Jones. That she had never heard any persons but defendant and Mrs. Pelby speak against Mr Jones. Defendant said that he knew Mr Jones had received the letters with money from Mrs. Bernard, mentioned heretofore, and did not say that any person had told him of it—and defendant has never said so to her recollection. That the conversation aforesaid relative to the gold chain took place on the same day that defendant read a letter to her, addressed to Mr. Jones, which letter defendant said he meant to send to said Jones. In which letter there was an allusion to the circumstances of the golden chain. Deponent thinks that defendant meant to convey the idea that Mr. Jones had committed a theft in taking said chain. That defendant's story about the gold chain, was told some days (she cannot say how many) after the letter A aforesaid was written by deponent. That no one was present. Then defendant told the story of the gold chain. That it was in a private room, where they had retired at a friend's request.

Direct examination resumed.

Deponent wrote the letter marked A in consequence of the stories told to her by defendant. That she wrote, not because she believed the stories of defendant, but because defendant said that every body believed these things, and it would be prejudicial to the reputation of her and her children to have Mr Jones continue his intimacy in her family. That Mr Jones has continued his intimacy in her family as usual since the explanation. Mr. Jones was not [illegible] [illegible] at the time letter A was written.

(Signed) MARY ANN DUFF.

A portion of the letter addressed by Mrs. Duff to her daughter was read in evidence, from which it appeared that she instructed Mr Jones should discontinue his visits to her, until his character was cleared up.

The defence set up was, that Mr. Wilson, at the time of uttering the words complained of, gave the name of Mrs. Bernard as his authority, and that that was a sufficient justification.

Richard Russell, manager of the Richmond Hill Theatre, testified that he knew all the parties in the case; that Mrs. Duff and Jones were on terms of intimacy as soon as Jones returned to this city from Philadelphia, which had continued ever since. Jones came immediately to his house when he returned from Philadelphia. In his cross examination, he stated that Wilson once began to speak to him against Jones, but he refused to hear it. He thought it was the subject of remark in the Theatre.

John F. Foote testified that Mr. Wilson stated in the Theatre that he had heard from Mrs. Bernard that Jones had [illegible] money from her, which he had not applied to the use she had intended. Witness contradicted Wilson, and was one to him in the highest terms of Jones.

Miss Mary Coleman, being sworn, stated that she was present when Wilson addressed himself to Mrs. Duff, and told her that Mrs. Bernard had sent money to Jones to pay her remittances board, which he had never so applied—that it was a shame to hear that Jones was to be married to Miss Duff, as he was not worthy of her. In a [illegible] [illegible] she said Jones was not to be trusted [illegible] with Mr Wilson than with Mrs. Duff.

Miss Ellen Kent testified that she had heard Mrs. Bernard tell Wilson that she had forwarded some money to Jones through a friend to the amount of $30, to pay for his own board, and that when she arrived in Boston she was [illegible] for the money.

Samuel H. Hamilton was called, but his testimony was objected to by the plaintiff and overruled.

On the part of the plaintiff, George B. Farrell stated that Mrs. Duff was on intimate terms with Jones when they met on his return from Philadelphia.

Judge Irving charged the jury that giving the name of Mrs. Bernard was a good justification, provided it were done in friendship, with good motives, and without malice. That, however, was a question for them to decide.

The jury found a verdict of one hundred dollars for the plaintiff—Nims and Goldsmith Attorneys.

J. H. Patten, Counsel for the Defendant—A. J. Hamilton—Attorney.—*Journal of Com.*

A [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the Tremont Coffee House on the 20th [illegible] the first [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in Boston this season. Mr. Davenport of [illegible] is a successful and unwearied caterer, and all men of taste will do well to cultivate his acquaintance.

GRUMBLING.

These [illegible] always been, and ever shall be,
Companions in this [illegible] age.

COWPER.

Grumbling is just as essential to human nature as the *party* [illegible] are to the human body. Without it man could not exist, and oh! tell it not in Gath—nor woman neither! It is precisely to the mind what food is to the system, or brandy to the jovial hearted. We grumble every day—and how delicious is the exercise! What an amiable perturbation of the spirits does it produce! What a roseate hue does it impart to the cheeks of beauty! What a classical volubility does it add to the tongue! A woman is never in a more interesting situation than when scolding her child or grumbling at her servant. A gentleman is never more like a lord than when railing at his wife. And here, be it remarked, that I opine grumbling is one of the most delicious conveniences of the matrimonial connection. What husband, and what wife—to use a trite but expressive phrase—have never been at '*loggerheads*?' Now *they* always grumble at one another just to have the pleasure of *making friends*—but other folks grumble just to enjoy the pleasure of grumbling. I know a man whose lips are curled with eternal censure. It is the very pith of his being to get an opportunity to disgorge himself of the sarcasm, spleen and venom, which he feels towards the remainder of his race. He was never heard to approbate any thing or any body in his life—and yet when he can get persons to hear him grumble he is comparatively comfortable.

Grumbling, then, is not only a common habit, but it is one which affords relief to the mind. If A should tread upon the toes of B, the pain of the latter would be much mitigated by grumbling at him for the injury. He who *stubs his shins* against a stump is always much relieved by venting a hearty d——n at the unconscious cause of his damage. Mankind are prone to grumble.—When we go to church, we always find something at which to be [illegible]. The prayer was too long, the sermon too mean, the singing too bad, or any other defect, which can be so properly discovered at the present day. If we hear a speech of any sort there is always some defect about it, either daring or minute, and it is natural that we should point it out. A tailor promises to make us a coat, in a given time, and fails. Now what could quicken his *moral* energies more than genteelly to grumble at him? The remedy for the evil, you see, is easy, and who among us has failed to apply it? A man promises to haul us a load of wood in cold weather, and neglects it. Now could human nature resist the temptation to grumble about it?—A debtor pledges himself to pay you within a given period, and upon the strength of his engagement with you, you enter into a contract with another. He omits to pay you and your credit sinks. Now is there any thing more provoking?—When the mercury is ten degrees below zero, a parcel of unwelcome visitants crowd you out from your own fire. Now at what sort of conduct could you more reasonably murmur?—You fancy, perhaps, that your assiduous attentions have made a favorable impression upon the heart of some beautiful young lady, and before you are prepared to expect the blow, she jilts you. Now could Patience herself abstain from grumbling at such a defeat?—With but one dram in your bottle, your politeness induces you to offer it to your acquaintance, when you would like very well to take it yourself. He seizes the liquor, swallows it at a draught, smacks his lips, and looks as if he were in an extremely good humour. Did you never feel, on such an occasion, as if it would afford you a great satisfaction to knock him down?—You have emergent business to attend to, and just as you set about doing it, a long-winded, long-tongued and endless gabbler, begins to entertain you with his nonsense. Your civility compels you to attend to him—but don't you grumble about it afterwards?—Now these are the every day occurrences of life, and they show conclusively that grumbling is a quality inseparable from our existence. We grumble at a thousand things without knowing that we do so. We grumble at one another and grumble at ourselves; and if he were not a very particular and much respected friend and acquaintance, we would be disposed sometimes to grumble at the d——l.—*Knoxville Register.*

The following is copied from the National Intelligencer. '*Pugilism.*—O'Rourke, the Irish Champion, who lately fought and conquered the Black Diamond, for a bet of a thousand dollars, has arrived in this city. We understand that it is his intention to have a trial of skill with Kensett, the English Pugilist, who is now in training for that purpose. Many heavy bets depend upon the issue of this contest.'

Cuffing is all the fashion at the seat of Government; and we have no doubt that the Irish Champion will have plenty of pupils, if he opens an Academy for the tuition of public men.

IMPORTANT TO PALE LADIES.—Monsieur Chabert, the Fire King, has presented to the world sundry valuable recipes, among which is a prescription for giving color to pallid cheeks without the aid of rouge or brickdust. A little powdered cochineal, inclosed in a bag of thin linen, moistened and rubbed on the *part affected,* will produce a beautiful rosy color. A lump of alum must be subsequently applied, to *set* the dye, and then wipe 'with a handkerchief.' The same good results to the complexion, together with a roseate hue that neither alkali nor acid can eradicate, it is believed may be obtained from pure morning air, mixed with the spirit of cheerfulness.—*Evening Journal.*

FEMALE CELIBACY.—A woman may be not only respectable but happy, in celibacy. An imprudent marriage brings with it certain wretchedness. If she forms an alliance with an individual of bad habits, dissipated or unsteady, ill-tempered or improvident, what are the chances of happiness? If he does not abuse, he will starve her; if he does not beat and torment her, he will degrade her from the rank she once occupied, and leave her to pine out her days in anguish and despair. Leaning, therefore, but think it better to prefer enduring the fabulous punishments of leading apes in hell to the sharp misery of being chained to a demon on earth.

BANK ANECDOTE.—Many years since, a book-keeper in one of the banks of our city, received a challenge from a person who kept an account with the bank, in consequence of the former having reported the latter as an overdrawer. The book-keeper returned the challenge, with the following endorsement upon it.

'This bank pays me for *writing,* but not for *fighting.*'—*U. S. Gaz.*

THE CHOLERA.—Mr. A[illegible] [illegible] from the plague at Alexandria, to seek refuge at Cairo, was overtaken by an old woman, pretending to be the plague herself.—'A[illegible] said the [illegible], 'are you going to kill every one at Cairo now?' 'No,' said she, 'I shall only kill one thousand.' Some time after, the traveller met this old woman again, who was he said, 'You have [illegible] to kill not more than one thousand at Cairo, you killed thirty.' 'You are wrong,' said she, 'I killed only three thousand—Fear killed the rest!'—*Sporting Mag.*

THE DEVIL AND DR FAUSTUS.—The story of the Devil and Dr Faustus originated from the following circumstance. Faustus had printed a beautiful edition of the Bible, which was an exact imitation of the best manuscripts. He took a number and went to Paris, where he at first sold them for sixty, then for five hundred crowns each. At last he lowered his price to thirty. [illegible] of Paris was perplexed at the number of copies produced, and their exact uniformity. They accordingly believed that Faust had made a league with the Devil, and he was accused of being a magician.

STEAMBOAT RACING.—O[illegible] if to the public, to every [illegible] on business. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a public benefit in reducing the [illegible] [illegible] transportation, and in contributing to the ease and comfort of travellers. We well recollect the time when the old north river money will compel us to pay eight dollars for a passage from the [illegible] hours—now we pay only two dollars, and arrive to New-York after a trip of about ten hours. This we consider a saving of time and money, which would never have been effected, had that monopoly continued to exist.

But there are also very serious evils attending this competition; and none more disastrous than steamboat racing. Last season there were so many accidents, and so much injury sustained, that the public were prepared to expect that better regulations would be established at the opening of the navigation; but in this there is a great disappointment—for no sooner was an opposition boat alongside the wharf, than this *desirable and dangerous practice of racing* commenced. A practical illustration of this was exhibited on Monday night, about twenty miles above New York, when the *Ohio*, not being able to pass the *De Witt Clinton*, was deliberately forced upon the larboard side of the latter, and raked her from the stern to the wheelhouse; the entire loss of which would have been the inevitable consequence, had the [illegible] been [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] thrown down upon deck by the shock and one or two [illegible] [illegible]

Now, we say this is sporting altogether too much with the lives and limbs of the passengers. Is it possible for a person to live in his berth, when he is constantly exposed to the lawsuit of another boat? Why all this racing? What matters it whether one boat or the other arrives here or in New York five minutes first? Or should the short space of even ten minutes be gained, that is no evidence of superior facility, because many things might occur to her advantage besides actual speed.—*Albany Microscope.*

F. S. HILL.—This gentleman who made so successful a *debut* at the Richmond Hill Theatre, appeared before a Boston audience on Monday evening week, in the character of Romeo. The Daily Advertiser of the 26th, says 'The house was well filled, and received him with every token of favor and encouragement. His performance drew forth unqualified applause, and proved that he had not ventured on his new vocation, without a correct estimate of his own powers. Combining, as he does, with a graceful **person and an excellent** voice, literary talents of **a high order, Mr Hill** can hardly fail **to attain a rapid eminence** in his profession.' **The Boston Centinel in** a notice of the performance of that evening, thus speaks of Mr HILL. 'Although apparently somewhat embarrassed at first, he displayed considerable native power, and, on the whole, made a favorable impression; his reading was correct, and his action natural and appropriate. From a portion of the performance, which we had an opportunity of witnessing, it appeared that with close study and practice, he might expect to attain to eminence in his profession. 'On Tuesday evening, Mr Hill played *Charles Austencourt,* in *Man and Wife.* The Morning Post, says, 'he made a decided *hit.* 'His manner was entirely free from the embarrassment that was manifest in his performance on Monday evening, and he went through the part with all the freedom and ease of a veteran stager.'

New-york Traveller.

CONSTABLE'S REWARD.—The Paterson Intelligencer contains a notice from five of the justices of the peace in that town, making known their intention to publish, every three months, a list of the executions issued by them, which have remained in the hands of the officers more than thirty days. We like the idea vastly, as we think it will produce some good results. [illegible] it will give some adventurous [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible]. 2d, it will open the [illegible] who have been sentenced to *executions*. 3d, it will afford the aforesaid justices an opportunity of making known how many suits have been submitted to their judgment; and last, it may quicken the others in discharging their duty to avoid being *posted.* Very probably we might, by making diligent search, find other reasons equally good, but we take those which we have already given to be quite sufficient.—*Newark Daily Ad.*

QUACKERY.—Two men died recently by taking an over dose of the essence of wintergreen in a glass of spruce beer at the shop of an Indian root doctor in the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] fourteen hours. It is said a young man has died since in the same way. Two families, consisting of twelve or fourteen persons are thus deprived of their principal means of support by, to say the least, great carelessness. Half an ounce or an ounce of this essence was taken by each of these persons.—*Daily Sentinel.*

An insensibility to the beauties of nature, an incapability to discover what there is to admire in creation, and an indisposition to adore the Great First Cause, are most sure marks of an uncultivated mind, and an unrefined imagination. To him whose intellectual powers are accustomed to active exercise in the appreciation and admiration of the wonders of the natural world, it is deemed one of the greatest blessings vouchsafed by heaven, that his abilities are suited to such an exalted employment.

Caustic abuse is much better than the old method of monotonous puffery. Rouse the literary world with a rattling peal of thunder, and they will ask who makes the noise, if they do no more. There is nothing like an occasional shake in music, and in literature, it shows the operators to be all 'alive and kicking.'

NATURAL AFFINITY.—An outside passenger by one of the Manchester and London coaches, had his hat blown over a bridge, and carried away by the stream. 'Is it not very singular,' said he to a gentleman who was seated beside him, 'that my hat should take that direction?' 'Not at all,' replied the latter, it is but natural that a beaver should take to the water.'

SHAKING HANDS.—At a duel, the parties discharged their pistols without effect; whereupon, one of the seconds interfered, and proposed that the combatants should shake hands. To this, the other second objected, as unnecessary; for, said he, their hands have been shaking this half hour.

The London Times says: 'It is reported currently that Mr. Kean Jr. and Clara Fisher have been united in America, and are on their way home with the rewards of their professional toil.'

Pity'tis that the report is not true. What a dear, delightful family of *lisping* children might be the issue of such a marriage. Pa and Ma all over.

SINGULAR.—A few days since, the Adams' Mass. Gazette [illegible] a [illegible] of rum was standing in Mr Wilbur's bar, the stopple of which suddenly cracked into six pieces, and fell upon the shelf, without any apparent cause; no person stood within several paces of the bottle, and the report was heard a number of rods. Is not this a prognostication of the success of the Young People's Temperance Society.

BOATING OVER LAND.—This would be rather a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] would say,—and they are right—but we have [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in this spring, carried several boats out of the canal and deposited them where the tows lay high and dry on the meadows. One of these,—a large lake boat,—was left on the [illegible] of the flats, west of the city, some hundred yards from the canal, and to make it of any [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] taken into navigable waters. To effect this, a patent stump extractor was employed by means of which it was drawn along very easily, seven or eight feet at a hitch, to the bank of the canal—and will soon be [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in the 'big ditch.'—*Schenectady Whig.*

FACTORY KINDNESS.—A girl in a factory in [illegible] stated [illegible] not long since applied to a Mr Marshall, an overseer in the mill, for liberty to go and see a brother who had come from a distance, and whom she had not seen in some time, and who was waiting to meet her. Liberty was refused her to go that day, but promised her for to next morning. But morning came, and liberty was still refused, and she was told that if she went, she should be discharged. Her desire to meet her brother prevailed, and she went out for that purpose, but, on her return, she was promptly discharged! She was a respectable girl.

HISTORY OF VERMONT.—Goodrich, of [illegible], Vt., has in the press a history of Vermont, from its early history to the present time, written by Zadock Thompson, A. M. the author of the Gazetteer of that state, and editor of the Green Mountain Repository.

The following beautiful extract is selected from a speech delivered by JAMES WILSON, L. L. D. Professor of law in the University of Philadelphia, in the year 1790, in the presence of General WASHINGTON, and a large concourse of ladies and gentlemen.

In the European temple of fame, WILLIAM PENN, is placed by the side of Lycurgus. Will America refuse a temple to her patriots and her heroes? No, she will not. The glorious dome already rises. Its architecture is of the neatest, and chastest order; its dimensions are spacious; its proportions are elegant, and correct. In its front, a number of niches are formed. In some of them statues are placed. On the left hand of the portal, are the names and figures of Warren, Montgomery, and Mercer. On the right hand are the names and figures of Calvert, Penn, and Franklin. In the middle is a niche, of larger size, and decorated with peculiar ornaments. On the left side of it, are sculptured the trophies of war. On the right, the more precious emblems of peace. Above it, is represented the rising glory of the United States. It is without a statue, and without a name. Beneath it, in letters very legible, are these words, 'For the most Worthy.' By the unrestrained voice of grateful America,—with the concurring plaudits of an admiring world, the assignment is unanimously made. Late—very late may the niche be filled!'

MATRIMONY.—Mrs E. Montague, in her letters, says, 'I can define matrimony [illegible] I [illegible] only like wit, by negative.—'Tis not kissing, that's too sweet; 'tis not scolding, that's too sour; 'tis not raillery, that's too bitter; nor is it the continual shuttlecock of reply, for that's too tart. In short, I hardly know how to season it exactly to my taste; but I would neither have it tart nor mawkishly sweet. I should not like to live entirely either upon Metheglin or verjuice.' Again she says, 'I fancy in matrimony one finds variety in the charming vicissitudes of—

'Sometimes my plague, sometimes my darling; Kissing to-day, to-morrow snarling.'

LONDON PAPERS.—The official account of stamps issued to newspapers, shows the circulation of the several Newspapers, which is made by selling the copies, and not by subscription, as in this country. The Courier sold in 1830, 3,409,986 papers. In 1831, 4,328,025, an increase attributed to the extension of the principles of Reform. The John Bull has gone ahead of the Age. Cobbett and the Farmer's Journal are on the decline. The Morning Post, opposed to Reform, sells but 2,000 copies a day.

SNUFF TAKING.—Some profound arithmetician being at a loss for something to do, has calculated that every snuff taker, who has continued this practice for 40 years—has dedicated *twenty-five* years of his life to taking snuff—and two more in blowing his nose!

BORROWING NEWSPAPERS.—Frequent complaints are made to us concerning newspaper borrowers. Some folks not well grounded in ethical rules are never disposed to pay for a newspaper while they can borrow of their neighbors. This economy is neither of the most honest, or most laudable character. The disposition it evinces is a creeping nonsensical disposition. Perhaps we lack charity towards newspaper borrowers—no matter—they deprive us of what is equivalent to our meat, drink and substance. They consider not the rule of something for something, or fancy there can be no property in a newspaper abstracted from the **mere** right to the material upon which it is printed. This doctrine is neither founded in law or equity. To borrow a newspaper is at variance with the divine precepts, 'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsars.' 'The laborer is worthy of his hire, &c.' 'Muzzle not the Ox nor the Ass that treadeth out the corn,' &c. &c. We have been informed repeatedly that a *gentleman* who discontinued a few months ago, has ever since been in the habit of taking a neighboring subscriber's paper frequently before the owner reads it himself. Now this is wrong—it is worse—it is at once intrusive and dishonest, highly annoying to our subscriber, and palpably unjust towards ourselves. Fair play is said to be a jewel, and live and let live the golden maxim of the upright man. Indeed we should prefer sending a few numbers gratis to all such as above alluded to, provided they will promise not to borrow from their neighbors.—*Miners Journal.*

NINETEENTH OF APRIL, '75.—The week we have just closed was one of stormy interest to Massachusetts, especially this part of it, fifty seven years since. Thursday, the 19th of April, was the fifty seventh anniversary of the memorable battles of Lexington and Concord. The generation that fought them are gone; but the impressions made on the few surviving witnesses, were too deep and lively, to be effaced by any thing but death. On the morning of that auspicious, but then gloomy day, citizens were suddenly called from their fields, workshops, and counting houses, to meet in arms an enemy, then on the march into the heart of their country. None hesitated, although all well knew that, if they escaped death in the field, the penalties for treason would await them, should their cause prove unsuccessful. The occasion required the physical bravery of a common soldier, and the moral courage of a hero, and both were exhibited. Militia as they were, they defended, as they always will, their own soil, and compelled the best troops of England to a hasty and inglorious retreat. The first blood shed in America, in defence of liberty, was shed on that day, near our homes. The impulse then given, carried the country through a seven years perilous war, to the establishment of its independence; nor did it stop here, but extended across the Atlantic and is now operating in the nations that combined to oppress us, as well as in the more gallant nation that came to our assistance. Heaven grant them wisdom duly to appreciate and regulate it, and if needful to control its excess.—*New England Galaxy.*

ANTS.—A story is related by Prevost of an Italian missionary, resident in Congo, who was awakened by his negroes in great alarm at the house being invaded by an immense army of ants, which poured in like a flood, and before he could rise had already mounted upon his legs. They covered the floor and passages, forming a stratum of considerable depth. Nothing but fire was capable of arresting their progress. He states that cows have been known to be devoured in their stalls by these daring devastators. Smith, in his voyage to Guinea, reports that at Cape Corse the castle was attacked by legions of ants, who were preceded by thirty or forty, apparently acting as guides. It was at day-break when they made the incursion, entering first by a chapel, on the floor of which some negro servants were lying. Assailed by this new enemy, they fled with precipitation, and gave the alarm to their master, who, on awaking, could hardly recover from his astonishment at beholding the advancing multitude, which extended for a quarter of a mile in length. There was no [illegible] [illegible] for deliberation; and a happy expedient was adopted of putting a long train of gunpowder across the line of their march, and extending it to their flanks, which had already begun to deploy, and, setting fire to the whole, millions were destroyed at one blow; which so intimidated the rest, that the whole army retreated in great disorder, and did not renew the attack.

Descriptions of ant-hills of immense size abound in books of travellers who have visited tropical regions. Mr. Campbell observed in the district of Albany, at the Cape of Good Hope, an ant-hill, five feet high, and twelve in circumference. In the forests of Guinea, it is stated, that they may be found from fifteen to twenty feet in height; and, that, when viewed from a distance on these widely extended savannas, they resemble the rude huts of the savages: but they contain a race more ferocious than the savage or the tiger himself, and cannot be approached by men without the utmost danger of being devoured.—*Blakes Juvenile Encyclopedia.*

SPRING RACES.

UNION COURSE, L. Island.

THE Spring Races over the direction of [illegible] [illegible] will take place over the Union Course, on the 21st, 22d, and 24th days of May next.

1st day, Purse of $300, heats of 2 miles
2d " do. [illegible] do. 3 do.
3d " do. 300, do. 4 do.

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE.

The Spring Races over the Centreville Trotting Course, will commence on Tuesday the 8th of May, and continue two days.

First day—At 1 o'clock, three mile heats, under the saddle, carrying 145 lbs. Purse $200

At 3 o'clock, a match race for 500

Second day—At 1 o'clock, three mile heats, in harness, carrying 145 lbs. Purse 200

At 3 o'clock, two mile heats under the saddle, free for trotters, pacers, and amblers, carrying 145 lbs. Purse 200

The riders to be dressed in Jockey Style.

By order of the President.

Dutchess County Races.

THE Spring Races, over the Dutchess County Course, will commence on Tuesday, the 15th of May, and continue three days.

First day—At 12 o'clock, sweepstakes for three year old colts, one mile heats, for $300 each, $100 forfeit—eight subscribers.

At two o'clock two mile heats; purse $200.

Second day—At 2 o'clock, three mile heats; purse $300.

Third day—At 2 o'clock, 4 mile heats; purse $500. *Poughkeepsie, April 18, 1832.*

RACES.

THE Harpers Ferry and Bolivar Jockey Club Races will commence on Wednesday, 30th of May next, when the Club will offer a purse of $100 to be run for by three year old colts; each horse entered, to pay the sum of $25 to be included in the above purse, two mile heats. On Thursday the 31st May, a purse of $150 three mile heats. And on Friday 1st June, a purse of $250, four mile heats.

The above races to be governed by the **rules of** the Baltimore Central Course; four horses to be entered each day, or no race; free for any nag, the winning horse of each day excepted; **the colts** to be entered by the 1st May, and named **the** evening before the race. ap 25.

COLTS SWEEPSTAKE.

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☞ Medicine will be sent to any part of the country, by persons writing, describing the disease and enclosing a reasonable fee.

Hygeian Medicines of every denomination, to be had at the Temple Office.

. *Letters must be post paid.* Ha4

R. S. WHITE,
Engraver on Wood,
No 8 THEATRE ALLEY,
NEW-YORK.

LIFE IN NEW-YORK

NEW-YORK.

Saturday Morning, May 5, 1832.

☞ Subscriptions, &c. for this paper, received by Messrs. PEABODY & Co. No. 219 Broadway.

TO OUR PATRONS.

Our readers will pardon us for this again obtruding **ourselves** upon their notice, but **we take advantage of the** *acknowledged* license of editors **to puff themselves** whenever any change in their **plan affords** a pretext for the egotism. Owing to the kind indulgence of our friends and patrons, **we shall be enabled**, at some additional expense, **to enlarge and** much improve the appearance of **our sheet**; and we avail ourselves of the occasion, to tender them our grateful thanks for the liberal **support** and indulgence they have ever been so ready to bestow upon our efforts to render this **paper**, the only similar publication in the Union, worthy of themselves and of the patronage of the community. We are fully sensible, that up to this time, we have been unable to do justice to our readers—or to our object, but we are equally sensible that we have gathered wisdom from experience, and that by the reception of the best foreign and native periodicals; and by the benefit always to be derived from an excellent exchange and valuable correspondents, we have it in our power to present our readers in future, a paper more useful and entertaining, and more entirely *deserving* their present liberal support.

It has afforded us the utmost pleasure to note abroad the increasing respect and good feeling **shown us by a number of our cotemporaries.** Entertaining a grateful sense of this kindness we beg of them severally to accept the expression of our sincere and hearty good wishes for their health and success.

To the trouble consequent upon our removal, and the necessity we were under, after putting up our press, of cutting a hole in the ceiling for the reception of the "*frisket*," a circumstance somewhat *mortar*-fying,—must be ascribed the want of method in our paper of to-day. We have presented our readers with no "*criminal* reports," which, to say the least, is not very *civil* of us; and independent of that, we have a large quantity of "raw material," on hand which, as friends of a moderate Tariff, we are well aware ought to have been "manufactured." We beg our friends, however, to consider this as a mere *episode* in the history of our paper, and to believe, if they "forgive us this time, we'll never do so any more."

MAY-DAY IN NEW-YORK.

MAY-DAY is no holiday dependent on the rubric, or the musty fables of monks and saints—it is a jubilee of Nature's own appointing, when the earth, dressing herself up in flowers and green garlands, calls aloud to her children to come out into the fields and participate in her merry-making; a gladsome invitation which has been accepted with sparkling eyes and happy hearts since the world itself was young. To go a Maying is not less healthy to the spirit than the frame; it is a repreive from the thraldom of cities and artificial life, and rubs the canker of care from our hearts, by sending them out among the green leaves. It enables the plodders and the sons of toil to shake hands with nature; and as they pluck the blossomy bough amid freshness and fragrance, and the music of birds and the sounds of human happiness, it brings them into direct and grateful communion with Him, whom they have been too apt to view through the medium of gloomy or mysterious abstractions.

But, alas! for May-day in New-York! Our pen and our courage both shrink from describing it; we will only say that on Wednesday last we saw a certain gentleman in a thread-bare coat,—"a servant of the muses," as you might have known *by his livery*—address an elderly, grave-looking individual, with a bill of lading in one hand, and a shipping list in the other, and moving his lips in some deep calculation to himself. We were in time to overhear the following conversation.

Poet.—Are you for the country to day?

Merchant.—I would attend you with pleasure, sir, if I thought it would give me a good appetite for my dinner; but you must know that I am moving, and beside, I cannot possibly be absent from Wall-street.

Poet.—I am quite aware of that;—but how do you mean to manage after death? or do you imagine that the grim king will put up his scythe in its scabbard, and walk down stairs again, if you assure him that you are positively engaged to meet your broker at four o'clock? How you must envy the steeple of St. Paul's, which keeps its happy station night and day, holidays and Sundays! Why, the pauper who scrapes the mud off the high road, is less of a drudge than you, who are incessantly scraping up gold. His body is not half so much exposed to annoyance as your mind; and when his day's labor is done, and his appetites satisfied he falls asleep without thinking of the morrow; whereas your head is perpetually at work; you can hardly sleep, from the fear of losing what you have got; and so far from your cravings being appeased by plenty, you are everlastingly hungering and thirsting for more.

Mer.—There you are mistaken; for as soon as I have completed a plum, I mean to retire to a box in the country.

Poet.—My most solvent friend, you may deceive yourself, but you cannot deceive me. You will no more be satisfied with one plum in your second childhood than you were in your first;—there is but one box to which you will ever retire, and into that you will be screwed down, narrow as it is, with all your mortgages, title deeds, bank stock and bullion into the bargain; so you may as well make holiday while you can and follow me. Good day!

Mer.—Canting fool! to affect to place riches in the scale of good things, below learning.

The merchant was right. In our mind, money and knowledge stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect. How many persons could we cite, if we chose to be personal, who were formerly of no account whatever in the world, and whom a "lucky hit" has qualified for sitting in committees on the most abstruse matters of political interest! How many Poets could we name, who derive their title to that appellation exclusively from the means of paying their 'Printer!' Horace, indeed, has touched this point with his usual smartness and perspicuity of remark. "Ego," says he,

"Et genus et formam regina pecunia donat."
Nec [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

which, we conceive, to be thus literally translated—

"The money gives a force to argument,
And your true genius lies in—six per cent."

But stop, there is our Poet again talking to a young lady, and by our faith, a very pretty and genteel one into the bargain. Let us listen.

Poet.—"Love whose month is ever May," is a phrase of Shakspeare's, no uninitiated investigators of the human heart; but he meant the May of the country—not the season of fashion and dissipation in the city, where the young men are too much absorbed by ambition or avarice to feel any kindly expansion of the affections. Will you not join me in my rambles?

Lady.—Certainly not. What would people say? besides, we are very busy to-day, and this evening we are to see Miss Hughes.

Poet.—Come with me, and you shall see a Theatre millions of times more lofty and magnificent, and painted as well as illuminated by the hand of Heaven. Ay, and I will show you a *Princess* too, which you cannot behold in *Massaniello*; and the gems of her crown, of Flora's own manufacture, shall be more curious and beautiful than all the jewellers of the world can produce; our musicians shall hover over us upon wings—and our feast———

Lady.—Good morning, Sir!—the man's mad.

We inclined to the same opinion; and returned to our office, after witnessing certain "*moving* accidents,"* as Othello calls them, to indue the above article, and send it to the press "with all its imperfections on its head."

*One of these was somewhat amusing—a pair of fine horses, with a "part and parcel," or rather a fraction of a carriage attached to them, rushed, like lightning whipped up, through Chatham Square, and having a very laudable partiality for household furniture, sprang amid a collection of it in front of Mr. Healey's store, where, for a few moments, they had every thing

"Like an Ape in a China Shop, all their own way."

After "fairly turning the TABLES" upon themselves, they were "amid the wreck of matter and the crush of feet" caught, secured and prevented from "moving."

A TOLL-ERABLE GOOD ONE.—On Tuesday evening last, a horse, belonging to one of our subscribers, started from Brooklyn, run the toll, and jumped into the river. After several attempts to take him out, he was left to himself, when he immediately up helm, shaped his course for this city, and was extricated at one of the slips, by a watchman, under rather "unfavorable *horse*-pices." He will probably *waive* such proceedings for the future.

VIPER-OUS ACT. A man in Kentucky lately discharged another, whom he had hired to kill snakes, because the laborer was unable to accomplish the death of more than two and a half cords per day—three cords being considered a day's work. The employer should have remembered what "crooked sticks" his servant had to deal with before he placed him in such a 'coil.'

PRINTERS AND AUTHORS.

It is the printer who *consummates* an author's conceptions. He gives to "airy nothings a local habitation and a name." Without the compositor and printer's devil, what a poor dreaming, fruitless, futile thing, is a wit. He is a soul without a body—a soldier, with plenty of courage, and no sword—a lawyer, with brass and black letter, and no cause—a parson, brim-full of divinity, without a pulpit—a statesman, well read in Machiavel and Locke, without a voice at Washington. An author in MS. is a half fledged sloven, unseemly to look upon; but, when turned out from the various hands, who conspire to dress and powder him for the public, what an Adonis he walks forth! what a typographical dandy! when the happy wight has gone through the beautifying hands of the compositor, devil, printer, sewer, and boarder, then and then only, does he become fit to meet the embrace of fair hands, and to lounge gracefully on the commode in the boudoirs of Broadway. Pope was a driveller when he said criticism was the muses handmaid. The lines should be

The printer then the muses handmaid proved
To dress her charms and make her more beloved.

DANCING.

For some thousand of years dancing was exclusively a religious ceremony. The dance of the Jews, established by the Levitical law to be exhibited at their solemn feasts, is, perhaps, the most ancient upon record. The dancing of David is also frequently quoted; and many commentators have thought that every Psalm was accompanied by a distinct dance. In several of the temples, a stage was specially erected for these exercises; but in process of time, they seem to have been practised by secular, as well as spiritual performers. The daughters of Shiloh were thus recreating themselves in the vineyards, when they were caught by the young men of the tribe of Benjamin, who presently danced into their good graces and carried them off for wives—a process, which is frequently imitated even in these degenerate days. The heathens also could "sport a toe," in the very earliest ages. Pindar calls Apollo "the dancer." Homer in one of his hymns, tells us that this deity "cut a pigeon's wing" to the music of his own harp; and from Callimachus we learn, that the Nereides were proficients in this elegant accomplishment, at the early age of nine years. For several centuries it was confined to military movements, when a battle was a grand *ballet of action,* opposing armies became partners in the dance of of death, and cut throats and capers with equal assiduity. Since those truculent and operatic days, it has been limited to festive and joyous occasions. But how various the estimation in which it has been held by inconsistent mortals. Socrates, a wise Grecian, took lessons in this art from Aspasia. Cicero, an enlightened Roman, urges the practice of dancing against Galbinius as a grave and heinous offence. Of the moderns, many signalize the sabbath by an increased hilarity of heel; while others maintain that as many paces as a man makes in dancing, so many leaps he makes towards hell. Let us hope that the increasing good sense of these well-meaning, but misguided ascetics, will speedily get the better of such monkish austerities; that the time may come when they may feel persuaded that our Maker can contemplate this innocent recreation of his creatures, with as much benignity as a parent beholds the gambols of his children; and that the change may be justified by adopting the beautiful sentiment of Addison, "Cheerfulness is the best Hymn to the Deity."

The following beautiful extract is selected from a speech delivered by James Wilson, L. L. D. Professor of law in the University of Philadelphia, in the year 1790, in the presence of General Washington, and a large concourse of ladies and gentlemen.

In the European temple of fame, William Penn, is placed by the side of Lycurgus. Will America refuse a temple to her patriots and her heroes? No, she will not. The glorious dome already rises. Its architecture is of the neatest, and chastest order; its dimensions are spacious; its proportions are elegant, and correct. In its front, a number of niches are formed. In some of them statues are placed. On the left hand of the portal, are the names and figures of Warren, Montgomery, and Mercer. On the right hand are the names and figures of Calvert, Penn, and Franklin. In the middle is a niche, of larger size, and decorated with peculiar ornaments. On the left side of it, are sculptured the trophies of war. On the right, the more precious emblems of peace. Above it, is represented the rising glory of the United States. It is without a statue, and without a name. Beneath it, in letters very legible, are these words, 'For the most Worthy.' By the enraptured voice of grateful America,—with the consenting plaudits of an admiring world, the designation is unanimously made. Late—very late may the niche be filled.'

Matrimony.—Mrs E. Montague, in her letters, says, 'I can define matrimonial happiness only like wit, by negative.—'Tis not kissing, that's too sweet; 'tis not scolding, that's too sour; 'tis not raillery, that's too bitter; nor is it the continual shuttlecock of reply, for that's too tart. In short, I hardly know how to season it exactly to my taste; but I would neither have it tart nor mawkishly sweet. I should not like to live entirely upon Metheglin or verjuice.' Again she says, 'I fancy in matrimony one finds variety in the charming vicissitudes of—
'Sometimes my plague, sometimes my darling;
Kissing to-day, to-morrow snarling.'

London papers.—The official account of stamps issued to newspapers, shows the circulation of the several Newspapers, which is made by selling the copies, and not by subscription, as in this country. The Courier sold in 1830, 3,409,956 papers. In 1831, 4,328,025, an increase attributed to the extension of the principles of Reform. The John Bull has gone ahead of the Age. Cobbett and the Farmer's Journal are on the decline. The Morning Post, opposed to Reform, sells but 2,000 copies a day.

Snuff taking.—Some profound arithmetician being at a loss for something to do, has calculated that every snuff taker, who has continued this practice for 40 years—has dedicated two entire years of his life to taking snuff—and two more in blowing his nose!

Borrowing newspapers.—Frequent complaints are made to us concerning newspaper borrowers. Some folks not well grounded in ethical rules are never disposed to pay for a newspaper while they can borrow of their neighbors. This economy is neither of the most liberal or most laudable character. The disposition it evinces is a creeping mouse-like disposition. Perhaps we lack charity towards newspaper borrowers—no matter—they deprive us of what is equivalent to our meat, drink and substance. They consider not the rule of something for something, or fancy there can be no property in a newspaper abstracted from the mere right to the material upon which it is printed. This doctrine is neither founded in law or equity. To borrow a newspaper is at variance with the divine precepts, 'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsars,' 'The laborer is worthy of his hire, &c.' 'Muzzle not the Ox nor the Ass that treadeth out the corn,' &c. &c. We have been informed repeatedly that a gentleman who discontinued a few months ago, has ever since been in the habit of taking a neighboring subscriber's paper frequently before the owner reads it himself. Now this is wrong—it is worse—it is at once intrusive and dishonest, highly annoying to our subscriber, and palpably unjust towards ourselves. Fair play is said to be a jewel, and live and let live the golden maxim of the upright man. Indeed we should prefer sending a few numbers gratis to all such as above alluded to, provided they will promise not to borrow from their neighbors.—*Miners Journal.*

Nineteenth of April, '75.—The week we have just closed was one of stormy interest to Massachusetts, especially this part of it, fifty seven years since. Thursday, the 19th of April, was the fifty seventh anniversary of the memorable battles of Lexington and Concord. The generation that fought them are gone; but the impressions made on the few surviving witnesses, were too deep and lively, to be effaced by any thing but death. On the morning of that auspicious, but then gloomy day, citizens were suddenly called from their fields, workshops, and counting houses, to meet in arms an enemy, then on the march into the heart of their country. None hesitated, although all well knew that, if they escaped death on the field, the penalties for treason would await them, should their cause prove unsuccessful. The occasion required the physical bravery of a common soldier, and the moral courage of a hero, and both were exhibited. Militia as they were, they defended, as they always will, their own soil, and compelled the best troops of England to a hasty and inglorious retreat. The first blood shed in America, in defence of liberty, was shed on that day, near our homes. The impulse then given, carried the country through a seven years perilous war, to the establishment of its independence; nor did it stop here, but extended across the Atlantic and is now operating in the nations that continued to oppress us, as well as in the more gallant nation that came to our assistance. Heaven grant them wisdom duly to appreciate and regulate it, and if needful to control its excess.—*New England Galaxy.*

Ants.—A story is related by Prevost of an Italian missionary, resident in Congo, who was awakened by his negroes in great alarm at the house being invaded by an immense army of ants, which poured in like a flood, and before he could rise had already mounted upon his legs. They covered the floor and passages, forming a stratum of considerable depth. Nothing but fire was capable of arresting their progress. He states that cows have been known to be devoured in their stalls by these daring devastators. Smith, in his voyage to Guinea, reports that at Cape Corse the castle was attacked by legions of ants, who were preceded by thirty or forty, apparently acting as guides. It was at daybreak when they made this incursion, entering first by a chapel, on the floor of which some negro servants were lying. Assailed by this new enemy, they fled with precipitation, and gave the alarm to their master, who, on perceiving, could hardly recover from his astonishment at beholding [illegible] which extended for a quarter of a mile before him. There was no [illegible] and a happy expedient [illegible] putting a long train of [illegible] across the line of their march, [illegible] to their flanks, [illegible] setting fire to the whole, [illegible] were destroyed at one blow; [illegible] the rest, that the whole army retreated [illegible] renew the attack.

Descriptions of ant-hills of immense size abound in books of travellers who have visited tropical regions. Mr. Campbell observed in the district of Albany, at the Cape of Good Hope, an ant-hill, five feet high, and twelve in circumference. In the forests of Guinea, it is stated, that they may be found from fifteen to twenty feet in height; and, that, when viewed from a distance on these widely extended savannahs, they resemble the rude huts of the savages; but they contain a race more ferocious than the savage or the tiger himself, and cannot be approached by men without the utmost danger of being devoured.—*Blakes Juvenile Encyclopedia*

SPRING RACES.

UNION COURSE, L. Island.

THE Spring Races under the direction of the [illegible] will take place over the Union Course, on the 21st, 22d, and 23d days of May next.

1st day, Purse of $300, heats of 2 miles.
2d " do. [illegible] 1 [illegible]
3d " do. 300, do 1 do

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE.

The Spring Races over the Centreville Trotting Course, will commence on Tuesday the 8th of May, and continue two days.

First day—At 1 o'clock, three mile heats, under the saddle, carrying 145 lbs. Purse $200
At 3 o'clock, a match race for 500
Second day—At 1 o'clock, three mile heats, in harness, carrying 145 lbs. Purse 200
At 3 o'clock, two mile heats under the saddle, free for trotters, pacers, and amblers, carrying 145 lbs. Purse 200
The riders to be dressed in Jockey Style.
By order of the President.

Dutchess County Races.

THE Spring Races, over the Dutchess County Course, will commence on Tuesday, the 15th of May and continue three days.

First day—At 12 o'clock, sweepstakes for three year old colts, one mile heats, for $300 each, $100 forfeit—eight subscribers.
At two o'clock two mile heats; purse $200.
Second day—At 2 o'clock, three mile heats purse $300.
Third day—At 2 o'clock, 4 mile heats; purse $500. Poughkeepsie, April 18, 1832.

RACES.

THE Harpers Ferry and Bolivar Jockey Club Races will commence on Wednesday, 30th of May next, when the Club will offer a purse of $100 to be run for by three year old colts; each horse entered, to pay the sum of $25 to be included in the above purse; two mile heats. On Thursday the 31st May, a purse of $150 three mile heats. And on Friday 1st June, a purse of $250, four mile heats.

The above races to be governed by the rules of the Baltimore Central Course; four horses to be entered each day, or no race; free for any nag, the winning horse of each day excepted; the colts to be entered by the 1st May, and named the evening before the race. ap 25.

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Persons wishing to enter Colts for either of the above Races can do so by application, written or personal, to John D. Watkins, Secretary, by giving the name and pedigree of his Colt, at any time before Saturday the 17th of March, 1832.

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JAMES CONNER, Franklin Buildings, corner of Ann and Nassau sts. New York.

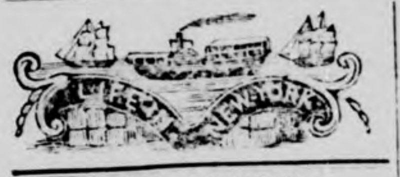
TEMPLE OF HYGEIA, 195 *Pearl-street, Between Chatham and Broadway.*—Dr. Andrew [illegible]—Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London Student of the University of Edinburgh and some years a Medical Officer in different Marine Hospitals, &c &c.—Where he has had ample opportunity of witnessing the practice of the most experienced of the faculty, together with his own observations during the last twenty years, the greater portion of which has been spent in this quarter of the globe, continues to give his advice for diseases of a *Delicate Nature,* Ulcers, &c. He does not deem it necessary to offend the feelings of modesty by recapitulating (as is too generally the case in public advertisements,) the various forms of these baneful maladies—the meaning of which is too well understood by all [illegible] further explanation. Dr Andrew [illegible] against the *Abuse of Mercurials* [illegible] by long experience most of [illegible] affections generally supposed to be the effects of the disease, are merely the effects of a long continued course of *Mercury*—Thousands have been restored to health, after years of suffering through the [illegible] of that *Poisonous Drug,* by conforming to the *plan of Treatment* of Dr. A—which plan has been founded on the extensive practice received from the Immortal Abernethy in London. Recent affections *cured* in a very short time without a grain of *Mercury.* All cases undertaken will be guaranteed to be effectually and permanently healed.

Medicine will be sent to any part of the country by persons writing, describing the disease and enclosing a reasonable fee.

Hygeian Medicines of every denomination, to be had at the Temple Office.

. *Letters must be post paid.* 11a4

R. S. WHITE,
Engraver on Wood,
No. 8 THEATRE ALLEY,
NEW-YORK.



NEW-YORK.

Saturday Morning, May 5, 1832.

☞ Subscriptions, &c. for this paper, received by Messrs. Peabody & Co. No. 219 Broadway.

TO OUR PATRONS.

Our readers will pardon us for thus again obtruding ourselves upon their notice, but we take advantage of the *acknowledged* license of editors to puff themselves whenever any change in their plan affords a pretext for the egotism. Owing to the kind indulgence of our friends and patrons, we shall be enabled, at some additional expense, to enlarge and much improve the appearance of our sheet; and we avail ourselves of the occasion, to tender them our grateful thanks for the liberal support and indulgence they have ever been so ready to bestow upon our efforts, to render this paper, the only similar publication in the Union, worthy of themselves and of the patronage of the community. We are fully sensible, that up to this time, we have been unable to do justice to our readers—or to our object, but we are equally sensible that we have gathered wisdom from experience, and that by the reception of the best foreign and native periodicals; and by the benefit always to be derived from an excellent exchange and valuable correspondents, we have it in our power to present our readers in future, a paper more useful and entertaining, and more entirely *deserving* their present liberal support.

It has afforded us the utmost pleasure to note abroad the increasing respect and good feeling shown us by a number of our cotemporaries. Entertaining a grateful sense of this kindness we beg of them severally to accept the expression of our sincere and hearty good wishes for their health and success.

To the trouble consequent upon our removal, and the necessity we were under, after putting up our press, of cutting a hole in the ceiling for the reception of the "*frolic,*" a circumstance somewhat *mortar*-fying,—must be ascribed the want of method in our paper of to-day. We have presented our readers with no "*criminal* reports," which, to say the least, is not very *civil* of us; and independent of that, we have a large quantity of "raw material," on hand which, as friends of a moderate Tariff, we are well aware ought to have been "manufactured." We beg our friends, however, to consider this as a mere *episode* in the history of our paper, and to believe, if they "forgive us this time, we'll never do so any more."

MAY-DAY IN NEW-YORK.

May-Day is no holiday dependent on the rubric, or the musty fables of monks and saints—it is a jubilee of Nature's own appointing, when the earth, dressing herself up in flowers and green garlands, calls aloud to her children to come out into the fields and participate in her merry-making; a gladsome invitation which has been accepted with sparkling eyes and happy hearts since the world itself was young. To go a Maying is not less healthy to the spirit than the frame; it is a reprieve from the thraldom of cities and artificial life, and rubs the canker of care from our hearts, by sending them out among the green leaves. It enables the plodders and the sons of toil to shake hands with nature; and as they pluck the blossomy bough amid freshness and fragrance, and the music of birds and the sounds of human happiness, it brings them into direct and grateful communion with Him, whom they have been too apt to view through the medium of gloomy or mysterious abstractions.

But, alas! for May-day in New-York! Our pen and our courage both shrink from describing it; we will only say that on Wednesday last we saw a certain gentleman in a thread-bare coat—"a servant of the muses," as you might have known *by his livery*—address an elderly, grave-looking individual, with a bill of lading in one hand, and a shopping list in the other, and moving his lips in some deep calculation to himself. We were in time to overhear the following conversation.

Poet.—Are you for the country to day?

Merchant.—I would attend you with pleasure, sir, if I thought it would give me a good appetite for my dinner; but you must know that I am moving, and beside, I cannot possibly be absent from Wall-street.

Poet.—I am quite aware of that;—but how do you mean to manage after death? or do you imagine that the grim king will put up his scythe in its scabbard, and walk down stairs again, if you assure him that you are positively engaged to meet your broker at four o'clock? How you must envy the steeple of St. Paul's, which keeps its happy station night and day, holidays and Sundays! Why, the pauper who scrapes the mud off the high road is less of a drudge than you, who are incessantly scraping up gold. His body is not half so much exposed to annoyance as your mind: and when his day's labor is done, and his appetites satisfied he falls asleep without thinking of the morrow; whereas your head is perpetually at work; you can hardly sleep, from the fear of losing what you have got; and so far from your cravings being appeased by plenty, you are everlastingly hungering and thirsting for more.

Mer.—There you are mistaken; for as soon as I have completed a plum I mean to retire to a box in the country.

Poet.—My most solvent friend, you may deceive yourself, but you cannot deceive me. You will no more be satisfied with one plum in your second childhood than you were in your first;—there is but one box to which you will ever retire, and into that you will be screwed down, narrow as it is, with all your mortgages, title deeds, bank stock and bullion into the bargain; so you may as well make holiday while you can, and follow me. Good day!

Mer.—Canting fool! to affect to place riches in the scale of good things, below learning.

The merchant was right. In our mind, money and knowledge stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect. How many persons could we cite, if we chose to be personal, who were formerly of no account whatever in the world, and whom a "lucky hit" has qualified for sitting in committees on the most abstruse matters of political interest! How many Poets could we name, who derive their title to that appellation exclusively from the means of paying their 'printer!' Horace indeed has touched this point with his usual smartness and perspicuity of remark—"Ego," says he,

"[illegible]"

which we conceive, to be thus literally translated—

"The money gives a force to argument,
And your true genius lies in six per cent."

But stop, there is our Poet again talking to a young lady, and by our troth, a very pretty and genteel one into the bargain. Let us listen.

Poet.—"Love whose month is ever May," is a phrase of Shakspeare's no unnatiated investigators of the human heart; but he meant the May of the country—not the season of fashion and dissipation in the city, where the young men are too much absorbed by ambition or avarice to feel any kindly expansion of the affections. Will you not join me in my rambles?

Lady.—Certainly not. What would people say? besides, we are very busy to-day, and this evening we are to see Miss Hughes.

Poet.—Come with me, and you shall see a Theatre millions of times more lofty and magnificent, and painted as well as illuminated by the hand of Heaven. Ay, and I will show you a *Princess* too, which you cannot behold in *Massaniello;* and the gems of her crown, of Flora's own manufacture, shall be more curious and beautiful than all the jewellers of the world can produce; our musicians shall hover over us upon wings—and our feast——

Lady.—Good morning, Sir!—the man's mad.

We inclined to the same opinion; and returned to our office, after witnessing certain "*moving* accidents,"* as Othello calls them, to indite the above article, and send it to the press "with all its imperfections on its head."

*One of these was somewhat amusing—a pair of fine horses, with a "part and parcel" or rather a fraction of a carriage attached to them, rushed, like lightning whipped up, through Chatham Square, and having a very laudable partiality for household furniture, sprang amid a collection of it in front of Mr Healey's store, where, for a few moments, they had every thing

"Like an Ape in a China Shop, all their own way."

After "fairly turning the TABLES" upon themselves, they were "amid the wreck of matter and the crush of [illegible]" caught, secured, and prevented from "moving."

A total eclipse of the sun.—On Tuesday evening last, a horse, belonging to one of our subscribers, started from Brooklyn, ran the toll, and jumped into the river. After several attempts to take him out, he was left to himself, when he immediately up helm, shaped his course for this city, and was extricated at one of the slips, by a watchman, under rather "untavorable *horse-pices.*" He will probably *waive* such proceedings for the future.

Virtuous act.—A man in Kentucky lately discharged another, whom he had hired to kill snakes, because the laborer was unable to accomplish the death of more than two and a half cords per day—three cords being considered a day's work. The employer should have remembered what "crooked sticks" his servant had to deal with before he placed him in such a "coil."

PRINTERS and AUTHORS.

It is the printer who *consummates* an author's conceptions. "He gives to airy nothings a local habitation and a name." Without the compositor and printer's devil, what a poor dreaming, fruitless, futile thing is a wit. He is a soul without a body—a soldier, with plenty of courage and no sword—a lawyer, with brass and black letter, and no cause—a parson, brim full of divinity, without a pulpit—a statesman, well read in Machiavel and Locke, without a voice at Washington. An author in MS. is a half fledged sloven, unseemly to look upon; but, when turned out from the various hands, who conspire to dress and powder him for the public, what an Adonis he walks forth! what a typographical dandy! when the happy wight has gone through the beautifying hands of the compositor, devil, printer, sewer, and boarder, then and then only, does he become fit to meet the embrace of fair hands, and to lounge gracefully on the commode in the boudoirs of Broadway. Pope was a driveller when he said criticism was the muses handmaid. The lines should be

The printer then the muses handmaid prov'd
To dress her charms and make her more belov'd.

DANCING.

For some thousand of years dancing was exclusively a religious ceremony. The dance of the Jews, established by the Levitical law to be exhibited at their solemn feasts, is, perhaps, the most ancient upon record. The dancing of David is also frequently quoted, and many commentators have thought that every Psalm was accompanied by a distinct dance. In several of the temples, a stage was specially erected for these exercises; but in process of time, they seem to have been practised by secular, as well as spiritual performers. The daughters of Shiloh were thus recreating themselves in the vineyards, when they were caught by the young men of the tribe of Benjamin, who presently danced into their good graces, and carried them off for wives—a process which is frequently imitated even in these degenerate days. The heathens also could "sport a toe," in the very earliest ages. Pindar calls Apollo "the dancer." Homer in one of his hymns, tells us that this deity "cut a pigeon's wing" to the music of his own harp; and from Callimachus we learn, that the Nereides were proficients in this elegant accomplishment, at the early age of nine years. For several centuries it was confined to military movements, when a battle was a grand *ballet of action,* opposing armies became partners in the dance of death, and cut throats and capers with equal [illegible]. Since those [illegible] and operatic days, it has been limited to festive and joyous occasions. But how various the estimation in which it has been held, by inconsistent mortals! Socrates, a wise Grecian, took lessons in this art from Aspasia; Cicero, an enlightened Roman, urges the practice of dancing against Gabinius as a grave and heinous offence. Of the moderns many signalize the sabbath by an increased hilarity of heel, while others maintain that as many paces as a man makes in dancing, so many leaps he makes towards hell. Let us hope that the increasing good sense of these well-meaning, but misguided ascetics will speedily get the better of such monkish austerities; that the time may come when they may feel persuaded that our Maker can contemplate this innocent recreation of his creatures, with as much benignity as a parent beholds the gambols of his children; and that the change may be justified by adopting the beautiful sentiment of Addison, "Cheerfulness is the best Hymn to the Deity."

May Day has come and passed since our last publication, and with it the bustle, the confusion and the turmoil so inseparably connected in the minds as to New York with the idea of the recurrence of this elsewhere joyous anniversary—so celebrated in poetry, as a day of flowers and festivity, not as an era of universal tumult and vexation. It has passed, with its heavy catalogue of fatigue duties to servants, golden harvests to porters and *trans*-porters of all sorts, miseries huge and innumerable to gentlemen idlers, and sad inconveniences to every body; and our streets have resumed their wonted orderly though business-like aspect, and the lounger again ventures to inhale the air freely, even in our great thoroughfares, without imbibing more than a healthy proportion (say one fourth) of pure dust by the operation.—But it befits neither our vocation nor our purpose to waste time in the narration of events and matters already within the cognizance of every casual observer nor even in moralizing upon them.—Our present intent is rather to detail some of the catastrophies and "dire mishaps" which have grown out of the emigrating and *renovating* mania with which our good citizens are so universally afflicted at each return of the unlucky period alluded to; and to do this we have but to select from the pile of epistles, some plaintive, others humorous, with which we have been favored in relation to this subject. The following is the first which comes to hand, and the affair which it relates, is a "*moving accident*" in more senses than one.

Hudson street, May 3, 1832.

Messrs Editors:

Hear me you shall, pity me you must, while I proceed to give a short account of the dread calamities which this vile habit of turning the whole city upside down, tother side out, and wrong side before, on the first of May has brought down on my devoted head.

You must know that, having resided but a few months in your city, I was totally ignorant of the existence of said custom—so, in the morning of the eventful and to me disastrous day, I rose, according to immemorial usage, at the dying away of the last faint echo of the breakfast bell, and soon found myself seated over my coffee, and my good landlady exercising her powers of volubility (no weak ones) apparently in my behalf; but so deep was the reverie in which my half awakened brain was then engaged, that I did not catch a single idea from the whole of her discourse. I smiled, and said, "Yes, ma'am." "Certainly ma'am," at each pause; and having speedily despatched my breakfast, sallied immediately out, and proceeded to attend to the business which engrossed my mind. Dinner-time came, but no time for dinner, and it was late in the night before I was at liberty to wend my way, over wheel-barrows, barrels, and all manner of obstructions, towards my boarding house. All here was still; but by the help of my night keys, I soon introduced myself to my chamber, dreaming of nothing but sweet repose; when, horrible to relate! my ears were instantaneously saluted by a most piercing female shriek, proceeding exactly from my own bed, or at least from the place where it should have been; and scarcely had sufficient time elapsed for my hair to bristle on my head, before the shriek was answered by the loud vociferations of a ferocious mastiff in the kitchen beneath, and re-echoed by the outcries of half a dozen inmates of the house, and these again succeeded by the rattle of the watchman; and the next moment there was a round dozen of them (besides the dog) at my throat, all commanding me to tell them instantly what the devil all this meant.

"You do well to ask that," said I, as soon as I could speak, "after falling upon me in this fashion in my own chamber."

"O take him off," said the one who assumed to be the master of the house; perhaps he's not a thief after all; but, being a little too tipsey for starlight, he has made a mistake in trying to find his lodgings—and in spite of all my remonstrances, I was forthwith marched off to the watch house, to pass the remainder of the night. In the morning, I narrowly escaped commitment on the charge of "burglary with intent to steal." (I verily believe it would have gone hard with me if the witnesses could have been got there at that unseasonable hour,) and I was finally discharged with a solemn admonition to guard *for the future,* against intoxication, (think of that, sir, for a member of the cold water society!)

I spent the next day in unravelling the mystery, and found that my landlord had removed his goods and chattels to another part of the city on the established day, supposing me to be previously acquainted and satisfied with his intention of so doing, and another family had immediately taken his place; of which changes my unlucky absence of mind and absence from dinner had kept me ignorant; and thus had I been led blindfold into a "comedy (or rather tragedy) of errors."

Your unfortunate
TIMOTHY WIGGINS.

Extinguished [illegible] Consumed.—A dandy, so says the N. O. Emporium, fell into the fire, and being unable to rise, his head was entirely consumed—luckily there was nothing in it of value.—The Editor calls it "a fortunate escape," it was a "*hair breadth*" one, at any rate.

Mopsa. Is this tale true think ye?
Pedlar. Very true; and not above a month old—here are five Justices hands to it, and more witnesses than my pack will hold. Why should I carry lies!
Shakspeare.

The story in our last, says the Concord Patriot, of an expedition beyond the Rocky Mountains, turns out to be a hoax, played off upon the people of Ohio by a wooden nutmeg pedlar from Connecticut.

Clown. There are of these pedlers that have more in 'em than you'd think, Sister.
Shakspeare.

NEW COUNTERFEITS.

Three dollar bills of the Bank of Orange County were put in circulation yesterday. The bills are well executed except the face, which is very bad—the paper is darker than the genuine notes. They are marked A. a dated 2d Oct. 1831, and signed Jn. Smith, President, W. Seward, Cash.

A new counterfeit three dollar note, on the Scituate Mass. Bank, has been put in circulation. They are letter B. payable to B. Matherson, dated 1st May, 1827, signed D. M. Harris, Cashier Jos. Washott President. The whole appearance of the note is bad, particularly the engraving, which is very coarse.

Extraordinary Death.—I'm sorry your cousin Sullivan is dead; a *decent* man he was ever always. And now tell me, what did he die of?—He died of a Tuesday."

SPORTING VARIETIES.

Original and Selected.

TREE HILL RACES—Spring M[illegible]

The Racing over this old course this spring will be unusually attractive, says the Richmond Whig. All the stables are expected to centre there: and selecting their best from previous trials, may well serve to amuse and delight those that can devote a few days to the noble and exhilarating recreation of the Turf.

It is rare in the annals of Racing, a sweepstake like the first day's can be presented to the public. Important in its consequences to the breeder it affords much interest to the amateur. There are six entries, play or pay, hence "no cold blooded delay," no giving back, but front to front, each has to fight it out, and "must stand the hazard of the die." Descendants of *Gohanna,* enriched by a long line of noble ancestry—*Tonson,* the gallant steed that never failed his rider.—*Medley,* the conqueror of Ariel the pride of the turf—*Eclipse,* the Champion of the North—*Arab,* as fleet as his name purports—and *Contention,* himself the sire of a hundred Kings, must contend in gallant shew and formidable array for the honor and fame of their fathers.

The second day, besides an interesting sweepstake, will be run for the Proprietor's Purse, 2 mile heats; and when it is known Andrew, Clifford, Annett, Geminus, Traffic, Pamunkey, Rapid, Trifle, Betsy Hare, Lady Washington, &c. will be there, who can doubt but sport must follow!

The third day comes off the Jockey Club Purse of $1000, 4 mile heats, and there will be the beautiful and victorious Bonnets O'Blue; but

"Hope though hence unscath'd to go!
No, by St Bride of Bothwell, no!"—

for there, too, will be Sally Hornet, Garrison's Splendid, 4 years old, Bayard, Collier, Maria West, Sparrowhawk, Molly Howell, Mohawk, &c., fearful odds, though backed by the judgement of Johnson and the fame of "the gray mare."

On the fourth day, is a sweepstake purse worth $1,800, and many colts of fine promise named. Also, on the same day, a Proprietor's Purse, 2 mile heats, free for any age, and from the unprecedented number of fine horses in training, *good very good* sport may be expected. The respectability of this Club, *not inferior to any ever raised in the world,* offers the best warrant and guarantee, for the decorous manner in which the sports of the Turf are conducted. Here beauty lends her facination—here the Lawyer, forgetting the rights of meum and tuum, without fee or reward snatches an hour from thought. The Doctor throws away the Pill Box, and the old settled Farmer, with hands uplifted and mouth expanded, grasps tight his pocket book, and wonders at all he sees. Could not our politicians in the city of Washington devote a few days to the sports of Tree Hill! It would take many a wrinkle from the brow, and be a healing balm to a vexed and troubled mind. If President Jackson could see the Bonnets o'Blue, Bayard and Sally Hornet with Collier at their heels, streaking it down the quarter stretch, he would think no more of the rejection of Van Buren. Calhoun would forget State Rights, and Clay, in an ecstacy of delight, would send the American System to the Devil. Many are there, that Richmond would be glad to see—no party—no feeling but that of honorable high minded gentlemen, met together in good fellowship. All hands will bid you welcome, and whilst we cannot give you splendor, we will try and give you fun.

FAIRFIELD COURSE.

This old and famous Course, says the Richmond Whig, has been revived after 17 years suspension. The concourse of people on the occasion was very large. We understand Wilder's Gohanna colt won, and was sold for $3000 on the spot.

Fairfield Spring Meeting, April 24.

Mr. Adams' b. c.	1	1
Mr. Minge's b. c.	3	2
Mr. Betts's f.	2	dis
Mr. Garrison's b. c.		dis
Mr. Watson's d. c.		dis

Time 1st heat, 1m. 50s.—2nd heat, 1m. 53s.

The Track was in good order. Minge's colt was the favorite at the start, having won the day previous at the B. Rock Course.

Yesterday's was a beautiful race on the Fairfield Course—*Handicap Purse* $200—mile heats, best three in five. It was finely contested. White's Traffic was the conqueror, beating Davis' Dolly Dixon, and W. R. Johnson's Clifford.

W. L. White's g. h. Traffic, by Sir Charles	3	1	3	1	1
W. R. Johnson's c. h. Clifford, by Sir Charles	1	2	1	2	2
H. Davis' c. m. Dolly Dixon, by Sir Charles	2	3	2	3	3

Time 1st heat, 1m. 58s.—2d do. 1m. 53s.—3d do. 2m. 3s.—4th do. 1m. 58.—5th do. 2m.

JERUSALEM RACES, LAST WEEK.

1st day.—Mr Garrison's Gohanna filly, Timon walked.

2d day.—Mr Garrison's Sally Hornet, by Sir Charles; two mile heats—1st heat 3m. 41—2d heat 3m. 50s. Won easily.

3d day—E. Nicholson's horse Red Rover, by Carolinian, three mile heats—1st heat 5m. 45—2d heat 5m. 46.

4th day—Mr Garrison's b. h. Zingaree, by old Sir Archie, mile heats—1 heat a dead heat between Col. John C. Goode's colt White Nose by Eclipse, and Long Cottons filly, by Old Sir Archie. Time 1st heat 1m. 48—2d heat, won by Zingaree in 1m. 47s—3d heat won by Zingaree 1m. 50s. easily.

SAVANNAH RACES.

The amusement of the week (April 25th) was closed on Saturday by a race, one mile heats, best three in five for the purse of $400 and the gate money of the day, which [illegible] and most interesting running yet seen on the course. There were four animals started—Mr. Wallace's mare *Patsy,* 2 years old, [illegible]. Time 1m. 55s.

The second heat was also well run, and again won by Patsy by about a length in advance of Redgauntlet. Sir William [illegible] last. Time 1m. 54s.

The odds were now in favor of the mare, who had evinced speed and unexpected bottom, which, however, were put to the test by the persevering Redgauntlet, who [illegible] won the third heat by [illegible], Sir William again coming in last. Time 1m. 54s.

The last round [illegible] Redgauntlet [illegible] winning. Time 1m. 5 s.

The fifth and decisive heat, notwithstanding its importance, was won [illegible] without any effort on either side, and it was only in the latter part that the struggle was made, in [illegible]

[illegible] Pats [illegible] was triumphant [illegible] Time 2m. 44.

Mr. Alexander Cummings of Fell's Point is employed in building a handsome Fishing smack for a gentleman in this city, to be engaged during the summer season in the sports of angling. She is to be called the "*Sporting S*[illegible]"—will be a model of beauty and speed unequalled.

A travelling gentleman, who had amused himself in passing counterfeit notes, was arrested in Easton, Pa.

PARK.

Miss Hughes has been the leading attraction at this house, "made venerable by time," for the last few days. It is said a new piece has been brought out in the course of the week, but we have been so "used up" by "*moving* accidents," that we have not had leisure as yet to see it.

AMERICAN.

We learn with pleasure that Mr. Hamblin, the able and industrious Manager of the American Theatre, has obtained a renewal of his lease of the House for four years from the 1st of Sept next. He will now be enabled, without risk to be still more liberal in catering for the tastes of our theatre-going community. He has our best, heartiest wishes for himself and his establishment.

We have neither time nor room to speak of the amusements of the week at this House, though they have been of a high character, but make way for a Correspondent, who furnishes us with the following pretty *jeu d'esprit* of

MISS VINCENT.

Nothing is now talked of in New-York but Miss Vincent, the new actress. If you go out to dinner, and are in the act of passing from the drawing room to the dining room, arm-in-arm with a lady, you are invariably asked if you have seen Miss Vincent; if you enter a glover's shop in Broadway, nothwithstanding the oppression of your elbow in the pit of his stomach, the vender of doe-skin finds breath enough to inquire how you like Miss Vincent; if walking onwards to Pine-street you endeavor to ascertain from your solicitor the state of the law suit in which you are engaged, the managing clerk asks, how you like Miss Vincent in Juliet; and if descending into Wall-street, you desire your shoemaker to make your new pumps rather easier than their predecessors, he doubts whether Miss Vincent's Amanthis be equal to Miss Duff's. It is probable then, that on Monday night, when "this starry beauty doth beset our track," it will require some little sagacity to get either in or out of the house. We hope so, because, though by no means a finished actress, she is full of nature and feeling, and in her Juliet, gives herself entirely up to the impressions of the part—loses her power over herself—is led away by her feelings to an expression of stupor or artless joy—borrows beauty from deformity—charms unconsciously, and seems to think as little of the audience, as the fawn that wounded comes to drink, or the flower that droops in the sun, or wags its sweet head in the gale. If she takes pains to improve the powers she possesses, and confides implicitly in the suggestions and impulses of *nature,* she will take her stand on the "house top," but when there, she must give up all the quiet comforts of home, and the quiet company of her own happy thoughts. She must exchange moonlight meditations for morning rehearsals—solitary echoes of her own fancies for the noisy applause of a public theatre—and (worst of all!) imaginary love-vows for real newspaper criticisms. She knows best whether the change will be for the better. L.

Burial Place of Romeo and Juliet.—The cemetery in which the ashes of these renowned lovers jointly reposed at (Verona,) was long ago destroyed by the falling of a thunderbolt into an adjoining magazine of combustibles; and the stone coffin in which Juliet was placed by the friar, after she had swallowed the sleeping draught, is the only relic now to be seen. It is marked by a sinking for the head, two holes for the admission of air, and a place for the reception of a lighted taper, which is still the custom to fix beside the corpse. Till within the last few years it was placed within the site of the cemetery, which had contained the actual grave, but in consequence of the many depredations committed by those who [illegible] the walls, for the purpose of carrying away a chip of the lovers' tomb, it was removed to a [illegible] where it is safe, but [illegible] unworthy place.—*Library of the Fine Arts.*

Mrs. Norton is engaged in writing an Opera, for which a young lady hitherto unknown in the musical world, is to furnish the music. It is said to display more originality than the "Baron" of the Hon. Mrs [illegible].

SENTENCE OF MINA.

Doylestown May 1st 1832. This morning on the opening of the court, the counsel of Mina filed reasons for a new trial, which the court directed to be immediately discussed.

These reasons, embracing various objections to the evidence of High Constable Blaney, were argued by Mr Rush for the prisoner, when the court after a full and attentive hearing of the counsel, delivered their opinion, and refused the application for a new trial.

Mina was then about noon, brought into court.—He entered calm and firm, and conferred for a few minutes with apparent composure with his counsel. Being asked why sentence of death should not be passed on him, his counsel Mr. M'Dowell read to the court a letter, written in English by Mina, addressed to the Judge. This letter earnestly entreated [illegible] time to prepare for death [illegible] and its peculiar and solemn [illegible] made it most interesting, and [illegible] many of the audience [illegible]. The presiding Judge, in much agitation [illegible] then passed the sentence of the law upon the prisoner—That he should be hanged by the neck until he was dead, adding the hope of [illegible] mercy for him. The miserable man appeared to suffer terribly at the close of this scene.

The following is genuine—no fabrication. At [illegible] a few days ago, another evening, a young lady standing at the door of the church was addressed by an honest Hibernian, who was in attendance on the occasion, with [illegible] Miss I should [illegible] to give you a vote, but the [illegible] are [illegible]

Judicial Dignity.—There was lately a failure in holding the Court in [illegible] county, in the state of N. York, from the absence of the Judges. [illegible] one of them being engaged [illegible] at Albany, and the other having hired himself out as a journeyman drover to attend some black cattle to Philadelphia.—*Litchfield Enquirer.*

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

Opera Dress.—It is composed of gros d'orient, a new shade of blue, called blue Amelie; the corsage is cut very low; it is square and plain behind, and arranged in deep folds in front, which are looped in the centre of the bust by large pearls, and drawn low; a blond lace guimp shades the bosom in a very delicate manner. A full ruche of plain blond encircles the back and shoulders. The sleeves are a la Maintenon, very short and full, and almost concealed by manchetons divided into three parts, and trimmed with blond lace. The hair is parted on the forehead, [illegible] bowed at the sides of the face, and arranged behind in short, full bows, which do not rise above the summit of the head. A circlet of gold and emeralds is the only ornaments of the coiffure. The jewelry worn with the dress should correspond.

Evening Dress.—It is of white crape over white satin; the corsage is low, but not so low as they are worn in general—rounded at the top, and setting close to the figure; a rose-coloured satin stomacher of a small size, and ornamented with white silk acorns, forms the shape in a very graceful manner. Beret sleeves, with blond lace jockeys; there are two falls arranged in the form of a shell. The skirt is trimmed with a single deep flounce, disposed in round plaits, and surmounted by a rich but light embroidery in white floss silk. In the centre of the flounce is a rose colored satin point, corresponding with the stomacher, and ornamented in a similar manner with white silk acorns. The hair is disposed in [illegible] ringlets on the forehead, and twisted in a Grecian knot behind. A boquet of white ostrich feathers in the centre of which is one of rose color, is placed behind the knot, the feathers mingle with the hair, and droop in different directions over it. Brooch of pearls and emeralds.

Ball Dress.—A rose coloured gauze de Turin dress over white gros de Naples; corsage a la Maintenon; it is cut very low, without shoulder straps, arranged before in a drapery which forms a heart, and pointed at the bottom in front. Short sleeves with jockeys composed of three white satin folds, disposed in dents de loup. A single row of trimming of the same kind terminates the sleeve, which is ornamented in front by a sprig of exotics placed upon the trimming. The front of the skirt is trimmed a l'Espagnole; that is, it is slashed at regular distances on each side leaving the under dress visible. A boquet of exotics, with their foliage, is placed on each slash, coiffure la Sevigne; the hair is parted so as to display the whole of the forehead, and dressed in corkscrew ringlets, which fall as low as the throat; it is quite flat on the crown of the head and turned up tightly in a low double bow behind. A chaplet of flowers, to correspond with the dress, surrounds the bow, and a gold bandeau, of the antique form adorns the forehead. Such of our fair readers as have visited the Museum of the Louvre, will recollect that this head-dress is exactly copied from a charming miniature of Mme. de Sevigne—Necklace and ear rings, gold and pearl.—*La Belle Assemblée.*

It was observed the other day at the Garrick Club that W. Giblet of Bond street ought to be named as one of the *Meat*-ripolitan members.

Rev. Mr. Greatrake was recently married in the Western States. The Charleston City Gazette urges it as peculiarly improper for this gentleman, considering his cloth, to have made his wife a *great rake* too.

A young gentleman of Easton, Pa. lately walked a measured mile in 10 m. 12 sec. A gentleman of Boston, an estimable comedian, has walked a mile upon the Mill Dam, in 13 minutes, *backward!*

REMOVAL.
JOHN BURDELL, Dentist, has removed his office from 229 1-2 Broadway, to 303 corner of Duane and Broadway. ☞Entrance in Duane street.

THE SERAPHINE.
A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, INVENTED BY
CHARLES G. CHRISTMAN,
No. 398 Pearl-Street.

AFTER a long time of uninterrupted perseverance, this extraordinary instrument is introduced to the public in its present very gratifying perfection. The Seraphine will be understood to be a keyed instrument, or an Organ in miniature, peculiarly adapted for domestic use; but it is not necessarily confined to domestic purposes; it is sufficiently powerful for small churches. It is impossible to conceive so small an instrument capable of producing such an immense volume of harmony; at the same time it is capable of the utmost possible delicacy of diminuendo and crescendo, from the soft sighing of the Æolian harp to the grandeur and majesty of the full choir, in a degree of excellence never yet claimed by any other instrument. Such an instrument, independently of its novelty, cannot fail to be valuable to any performer on the pianoforte or organ.

N. B. At Mr Christman's Music store may be procured, eight keyed Flutes, Accordians, Pocket and Kent bugles, for which he has been honored with the first premium of the American Institute, also Guitars, Violins, Military and other Instruments; Music, which he has just published for the Guitar; the beautiful song Green Hills of Tyrol, as sung by Mrs. Austin in the Opera of Cinderella, with three new Waltzes composed by O. Torpe, and to be continued in numbers.

Strings, and every article appertaining to the Music business.

American Feathered Game.

THE Subscriber proposes to publish by subscription, the following American Feathered Game, viz:—the Grouse, Pheasant, (or Partridge,) Partridge, (or Quail,) male or female, Woodcock and Snipe.

The drawings will be made from the birds themselves of the size of life, and colored with the greatest accuracy. They will be drawn on plates 12 1-2 by 16 1-2 inches, and characteristic scenery introduced, so as to form a beautiful picture.

It appears to the publisher, that a paper of this kind is wanting in a country abounding so plentifully with this species of game; and, as no attempt has ever been made to picture our game birds in the proposed style, he hopes at least sufficient encouragement will be given to authorise the publication, even should no profit accrue to the publisher.

As the publisher has always felt an interest and pride in these birds, no pains will be spared to make the drawings perfect representations of the originals, and creditable to himself and his country; and as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers shall be obtained, the drawings will be commenced, and the plates issued as they are published, to subscribers, and in separate pasteboard [illegible] with covers, to prevent injury.

These five plates will constitute those birds which are the chief objects of the pursuit in the sportsman; but, as it seems desirable to introduce a [illegible] among so many land birds, the *canvass back Duck* may be added to the list, if those who subscribe to the former will authorize it.

Those who may wish to subscribe, will please send their names and address to the subscriber at as early a period as possible, stating whether they will take the five or six plates. Persons residing in distant towns will do well to join with some of their neighbors, as several subscriptions [illegible] will make it an object to form an agency there, to whom the plates may be sent, and payment made for the same.

In order to place the thing on a favorable footing and remove all difficulties from the minds of those who intend to subscribe, the publisher states, that they are at liberty to withdraw their subscriptions for the remainder of the plates, after the delivery of the first drawing, should it not equal their expectations or prove satisfactory; but failure to notify the publisher within one month after the receipt of the same, will be deemed by him an assent on their part to take the whole originally subscribed for.

Terms $1.25 each plate, beautifully colored and in pasteboard cases, to be paid for on delivery.

All communications must be *post paid,* and addressed to the subscriber, No. 5 Library street, Philadelphia. JNO. DOUGHTY.

Subscriptions received by WM. STODART, [illegible] street, New York.

CANADA NOTES bought at the lowest rates by SYLVESTER.

The Casket.

"A nosegay of culled flowers, with nothing of our own but the thread that ties them."

COMMUNICATION.

THE PUGILIST TO HIS MISTRESS.

"——a black eye in a recent scuffle,
For sometimes we must box without the muffle."
DON JUAN.

All punished and penitent down on the knee
I bend to thee Kate, to avert an adieu:
Oh let not thine eyes, love, look black upon me,
Because mine are forc'd to look black upon you.

Am I worse in your eyes, for being worse in mine own?
Are the women to punish as well as the men?
I thought you'd have brought, when you found me alone,
Opodeldoc and smiles to restore me again.

You know I love sparring and poesy, Kate,
And scarcely care whether I'm hit at or kiss'd;
You know that Spring equally makes me elate,
With the blow of a flower, or the blow of a fist.

You know as you walked one damp evening of late,
With your beau at your side, that a bow in the sky
Arch'd its colors ethereal, and surely, my Kate,
This must be the rainbow I had in my eye.

Forgive me, and mufflers I'll carefully pull
O'er my knuckles hereafter, to make them well bred;
To mollify [illegible] in the kidney with wool,
And temper with leather a punch of the head.

And Kate! if you'll fib from your forehead that frown,
And spar with a lighter and prettier tone;
I'll look—if the swelling should ever go down,
And these eyes look again—upon you, love, alone!

Boxing.—An elderly maiden lady has written us an expostulatory letter on this subject, in which she expresses herself shocked at the indecency of the spectacle of two enormous men (these are her very words) exhibiting themselves stripped before thousands of spectators. We answered that letter privately, and humbly suggested that a boxing was a no more indecent exhibition than a waltzing match. "Well, well, Mr. Editor, no more about indecency, but think of the cruelty, the brutality of boxing!" Brutal! no brute animal of our acquaintance is a pugilist. Dogs do not box—cocks do not box—a bear is good at a close—but he is a round hitter, and too much of a ruffian for the ring. Man is, in fact, distinguished from the brute creation by nothing so much as being a boxing animal. He shares the faculty of speech with the bullfinch, the starling, the magpie and the parrot—and in the art of cookery he is excelled by *Delmonico*,—extinguish in his bosom the love of pugilism, and you reduce him to a level with the beasts that perish. As to its cruelty, no doubt it would be to the last degree cruel for Fuller to tip some unsuspecting wight a stomacher; but who would talk of the cruelty of giving Fuller himself a facer. The fact is, that game pugilists enjoy intense pleasure in knocking and being knocked down; and there is not a sentiment of more acknowledged humanity than "pleasure in the way we like it." Dangerous it may be; but any one doctor that ever administered a prescription has killed more men than all the pugilists that ever fought, either with cestus or naked fists. So,

"Let Dares beat Entellus black and blue."

Seduction.—At a recent Circuit Court in Wayne county, a verdict of $300 was obtained by Peter Garret, against Henry E. Youngs for the seduction of Garrett's daughter; and a verdict for $100 was given in favor of Dr. Alex. M'Intyre, of Palmyra, against Samuel Rogers, for slander.

A Sheepish Trick.—On Friday afternoon, five men, belonging to Cape Cod fishing vessels lying in Newport, were arrested in the Neck, brought to town, and arraigned before two Justices upon a charge of stealing wool, by plucking it from the back of five sheep, belonging to the flock of G. S. Hazard. They pleaded guilty, and were mulcted by the Court in the sum of 25 dollars.

Rapid work.—Messrs. Phillip's and Graham purchased a tract of Land from Gen. Lacock, on the Ohio river, on Monday of last week, laid out a town on Tuesday, and built *fourteen houses* in four succeeding days. At this place they intend establishing their ship yard.—*Beaver Argus.*

A party of gentlemen, consisting of about twenty, gave a very splendid dinner at the Boston Exchange, on Thursday, to Mr. Sinclair of the theatre, as a testimony of their respect for his private worth and professional talents. The entertainment passed off in the most harmonious and agreeable manner.

Some profound arithmetician being at a loss for something to do, has calculated that every inveterate snuff taker, who has continued this practice for forty years, has dedicated two entire years of his life to taking snuff—and two more in blowing his nose!

Mrs. Eliza Blond, was convicted, at the court of sessions, in Abbeville District, S. C. of keeping a Faro Bank, and playing at that game, and sentenced to six month's, imprisonment and a fine of five hundred dollars.

Female Patriot.—Countess Emily de Plater, the Polish heroine, died a few days ago in Paris. This lady is memorable for commanding a regiment of horse, which she raised and equipped at her own expense.

Judge Prioleau, of Charleston City Court, has decided that a *mule* is not a *horse*; and that the city ordinance restraining horses from running at large, does not authorize the arrest of mules.

The charming Leontine Fay, whose services Laporte has engaged, is better known among the higher circles, under the name of "the Maid of Orleans."

We hear that Paganini acknowledges to having cleared £22,000 by his visit to England, and £6,000 by his stay in Paris.

A distinguished member of the Garrick rushed into the club the other night from a Drury Lane representation of "Robert le Diable," exclaiming "Bishopped, by G——!"

It was observed the other day at the Garrick Club that W. Giblet of Bond street ought to be named as one of the *Meat*-ripolitan members.

A fancy ball was given last week, by a celebrated *Marchande des modes*, near Hanover square, which is said to have exceeded all the entertainments of the season, in the elegance and whimsicality of its costumes, and the beauty of its guests. All the foreign artists (hairdressers, musicians, shoemakers, dancers—all are *artistes* with the French,) did honor to the fete, which was intended to commemorate some family event. Jarrin furnished a most elegant supper; and since the day of Boyle Farm, nothing has been so prettily arranged as the *bal costume* of *la Reine des modes!*

An Amateur Pirate.—The following anecdote refers to Mr. Trelawney, the author of the "Younger Son," recently published.

Piratical outrages were formerly of every day occurrence in the Eastern seas, and that they were not better known is attributable to the exterminating system of the rovers, whose motto was, that "dead men tell no tales." The answer made by T—— (one of Lord Byron's boon companions,) when asked by the noble bard how the pirates of the Eastern seas disposed of their prisoners, illustrates their motto better than any other description. T——, it seems, had past some time in a piratical bark, and Byron, who was always glad to have a ruffian hero in his train, did not like him the less for this little *escapade*. "Well, but how did you dispose of your prisoners?" said his lordship to him one day. "We never took any," the other coolly replied, "we always sent our Malays on board the prize, and they used to return and *say that there was no one on board!*" The Malays are celebrated for their unsparing use of the kriss or dagger.

A tradesman, deservedly *dear* to his late Majesty, has just failed for the sum of £140,000.

SAVANNAH RACES.

The Second Day's Race (which we continue from last week,) on the Bonadventure course, three mile heats, for a purse of $400, took place yesterday at 12 o'clock. But two horses were entered, Mr. Maun's C. Filly, Calanthe, 5 years old, and Mr. Bonner's C. H. Redgauntlet, 5 years old, the unsuccessful competitor for the purse of the day previous. From the fact that the horse had contended for the purse of $1000 on the Charleston Course in February, and being otherwise a nag of some note, he was the favorite, notwithstanding his defeat on Wednesday; but the first heat, after a beautiful contest, was won by Calanthe, by nearly a length. Having displayed her fleetness, strong hopes were entertained by her friends of her ultimate success, and such was the result, she winning also the second heat by about three lengths.

TIME.

1st heat, 5m. 58s. | 2d heat, 6m 2s.

About the same number of persons were present as on the day before, and among the carriages we were gratified to perceive a considerable number containing a portion of the beauty and fashion of the city.

The following horses have been entered for this day's purse of $250, 2 mile heats.

Mr Haun's C. S. Colt, Sir William, 2 years old.—Riders dress, chocolate-colored jacket and black cap.

Mr Grimes' C. S. G. Nat Cook, 5 years old. Riders dress, blue and pink.

The Third Race being for a purse of $250, took place yesterday as advertised. But two horses were entered, Mr Haun's Sir William, 2 years old, and Mr. Grimes Ned Cook, 5 years old, both *sorrels*, the color of every animal that has yet run this season. Bets two to one were freely made on the colt before the race, and the termination proved the correctness of this judgment. The running excited but little interest, as it was soon apparent that the horses were not at all matched. The first heat was won by Sir William by more than twenty yards, and in the second barely allowed his antagonist to save his distance.

TIME.

1st heat, 3m. 58s. | 2d heat, 4m. 5s.

This is the last day of the races, and the following horses are entered:

Mr. Bonner's c. h. Redgauntlet, 5 years old.
Mr. Wallace's s. f. Passey, 2 years old.
Mr. Haun's c. s. h. Sir William, 5 years old.
Mr. Winkler's s. g. Slapsides, 5 years old.

MILLEDGEVILLE, (Geo.) April 19, 1832.

THE RACES.

Over the Course at this city, commenced on Wednesday last, and continued four days. The Course was in good order, and well attended by numerous spectators; the weather was fine, and every thing went off with great eclat.

First Day, six colts were started for a sweepstake of 150 dollars, 1 mile and repeat, and was soon decided by Mr. Puryear's brown bay colt, Belisarius, 4 years old, by Mucklejohn from an Oscar mare, distancing the field the first round, time 1 minute 55 1-2 seconds.

Second Day, three mile heats—Mr. Bell's bay mare, Jane Medill, 4 years old, double Archer, and Mr. Vanlandingham's sorrel horse Mucklejohn, 4 years old, by Mucklejohn from a Potomac and Gallatin mare, contended for a jockey club purse of 250 dollars. At the tap of the drum they went off finely, Mucklejohn taking the lead and coming out about 100 yards a head under a tight pull; time 6 minutes 6 seconds. 2d heat Mucklejohn started badly, running against the Judges stand and endeavoring to bolt, but finally got off and contended closely for the heat, but Jane taking the lead from the start seemed to keep it with ease until the last round, when both were urged with whip and spur. Jane coming out about a length a head, time 6 minutes 9 seconds. 3d Heat both appeared in fine spirits and went off finely, Jane taking the lead, Mucklejohn gaining at the coming out of each mile—at the last quarter stretch of the last round he came up with Jane, and when urged to pass, he bolted from the outer to the inner track—he was again urged forward, and again came up with Jane and bolted within ten feet of the Judges stand, determining the race in favor of Jane Medill—time 6 min 9 1-2 sec.

Third Day, two mile heats—Mr. Vanlandingham's sorrel horse, Littlejohn, 5 years old, by Mucklejohn, from a Potomac and Gallatin mare; and Mr. Puryear's colt Belisarius, were entered for a Jockey Club purse of $200. At the signal for saddling, Belisarius did not appear,—said to have choked himself the night previous; when Wymen's came forward and entered his bay mare, Polly Powell, 4 years old, by Jackson, from a Dion mare. At the tap of the drum, they started finely, Littlejohn taking the lead, and coming about 70 yards a head under a pull. Polly Powell's rider broke his stirrup the last round; time 4 min. 11 sec. 2d Heat a good start, Littlejohn taking the lead, Polly Powell trailing close; at the last half mile stretch she made an effort to pass, and locked him for a few paces, but finally fell back, and gave up the race—time 4 minutes.

Fourth Day, one mile, three best in five—Gate money, &c. $200. Mr. Hibler's saddle horse Romeo, 5 years old, Mr. Vanlandingham's sorrel horse, Mucklejohn, Mr. Bell's horse Van Buren 5 years old, by Carolinian from an Archer mare, and Mr Puryear's bay mare Hulda Ware 6 years old, by Sir Andrew from an Oscar mare were started. 1st Heat was taken by Hulda Ware; time 1 min. 56 sec. 2d Heat Hulda Ware again came out a head, under whip and spur, trailed close by Romeo, time 1 min. 55 sec.—this heat Mucklejohn fell, on making the last turn, and though he came out without his rider, saving his distance, not having his weight he was declared distanced. 3d Heat Van Buren took the lead and came out a head, with apparent ease, time 1 min. 58 sec. 4th Heat, Romeo was withdrawn, the remaining two went off finely, Hulda Ware taking the lead to the second turn, when Van Buren passed her and came out a head, time 2 min. 1 sec. 5th Heat Van Buren took the lead, trailed close to half way the first quarter stretch, when he seemed to fail, Hulda Ware passed and came out a head, time 1 min. 57 sec.

The time was kept by three disinterested and respectable gentlemen.

NEW-ORLEANS RACES.

The Race on yesterday, (April 14,) of two miles and repeat, for a purse of $300, was run by Polly Powell, Andrew Jackson, and Bosovo. The latter was distanced the first heat, and the second heat Andrew Jackson was withdrawn, leaving Polly Powell mistress of the field—time 3m. 48s.

COUGAR HUNTING,

IN NEW-YORK AND PENNSYLVANIA.

In the United States, the destruction of this animal is usually effected with the rifle. Our hunters, by reason of great perfection in shooting this instrument of death, and their familiarity with the Cougars, regard these animals in no other light than certain victims to their unerring aim; few indeed escape, when once the keen eye of the hunter ranges the barrel of his rifle, or the new fallen snow betrays the footsteps of these wily destroyers. Its ferocity is easily excited, and when a painful wound is inflicted, its rage is terrible, and will evince the utmost determination to revenge itself. Many anecdotes may be told, illustrative of this disposition; one or two however, will suffice.

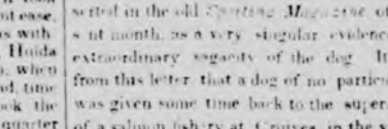
A party of hunters, residents of Delaware county, in the state of New York, made an excursion after a Cougar, which had frequently been seen prowling about the neighborhood. Before starting, the preliminary agreed on was, that if the Cougar should be started, and treed, it was not to be shot until each individual composing the party should be present—this agreement broken, a penalty of all the expenses of the day, was to be imposed on the offender. Shortly after starting, the dogs aroused the animal, and after a chase of a few miles, along the mountains, among rocks and almost impenetrable laurels, it took to a beach tree, and clambered to the top, about thirty feet from the ground, where it couched and watched the dogs, which were in numbers barking at the foot of the tree. Among the party was a stranger, who had never experienced a hunt of the kind, and regardless of the penalty to which he would subject himself resolved at all hazards to shoot the Cougar, if an opportunity offered, and enjoy the satisfaction of having destroyed one of the most ferocious wild animals of our forests. Accordingly he hastened to the scene of action, when he saw the animal resting on the tree, and immediately fired at its heart—but to his astonishment, instead of killing he only aroused its vengeance; for the moment he discharged his rifle, the Cougar began to growl and spit, and rip and tear every limb of the tree within its reach, and when on the point of leaping at the hunter, a shot from an unknown rifle, hurled the animal to the ground dead, within ten or twelve feet of the person who first fired, and who being so excessively frightened and overcome with terror, that he sunk helpless on the ground, and but for the fortunate intervention of his friend, would have been torn to pieces. Being on a rocky precipice, and the place so overgrown with high laurels, he did not see two of the hunters who had arrived a few moments before him; neither were they aware that any of the party were present but themselves, until they heard the report of the rifle within a few yards of them, and being experienced hunters, they knew by its actions, that the animal was aiming the destruction of their friend, and the timely interference and unerring aim of Capt W—— only saved his life.

The following anecdote, which is copied from Godman's Natural History, was furnished by the late William Scudder, who had the Cougar, and which is still in the N. York Museum.

"Two hunters, accompanied by two dogs, went out in quest of game near the Kaatskill Mountains. At the foot of a large hill, they agreed to go round it in opposite directions, and when either discharged his rifle, the other was to hasten towards him, to aid in securing the game. Soon after parting, the report of a rifle was heard by one of them, who hastening towards the spot, after some search, found nothing but the dog, dreadfully lacerated, and dead. He now became much alarmed for the fate of his companion, and while anxiously looking around, was horror-struck by the harsh growl of a Cougar, which he perceived on a large limb of a tree, crouching on the body of his friend, and apparently meditating an attack on himself. Instantly he leveled his rifle at the beast, and was so fortunate as to wound it mortally, when it fell to the ground along with the body of his slaughtered companion. His dog then rushed upon the wounded Cougar, which, with one blow of its paw, laid the poor creature dead by its side. The surviving hunter now left the spot, and quickly returned with several other persons, when they found the lifeless Cougar extended near the dead bodies of the hunter and the faithful dogs."

The Cougar is exceedingly tenacious of its food, and rather than relinquish it, will suffer death. Instances of this kind sometimes occur, which the following anecdote from the same author will show.

"About five miles from Phillipsburgh, Centre county, Pennsylvania, Mr. Mitchell, on the 8th of December, 1825, shot at a buck, and wounded him in the shoulder. He followed the animal for some time, and at length perceived him at the distance of about forty yards, lying with his heels upwards, and a Cougar holding him by the throat. The hunter discharged his rifle at the Cougar, and shot it through the heart; when the animal relinquished the buck, advanced four or five yards, and fell lifeless. Having again charged his rifle, and believing the Panther to be dead, Mr. Mitchell, turning towards the wounded buck, was surprised to see another Cougar in the act of pulling down the head; and, as it now appeared, the buck had been held down by both Cougars at the moment the first was killed. The body of the buck was between the hunter and the second Cougar, nothing but the head of which was visible. At this Mr. Mitchell levelled his rifle, and the ball entered it at the angle of the eye. The beast remained still for a few minutes, and then for the first time, relinquished his hold of the buck, and walked over it towards the hunter, who fired his rifle a second time, and shot him through in the neighborhood of the heart. At this moment the buck recovered his legs, stumbled over the body of the Cougar, finally extricated himself and ran off. A third discharge of the rifle pierced the Cougar with another ball, yet he still remained on his feet, and it was not until the rifle was again discharged, and a fourth ball driven through the back part of the under jaw, that the animal fell and expired. What is most singular is, that the male should not have relinquished his hold of the buck when the female was killed, but continued in the same position until the ball entered his own head, near the eye. The buck ran near a mile before he was finally overtaken and killed."—*American Rural Sports.*



THE DOG FISHER.

We give the following extract of a letter, inserted in the old *Sporting Magazine* of the present month, as a very singular evidence of the extraordinary sagacity of the dog. It appears from this letter, that a dog of no particular breed was given some time back to the superintendent of a salmon fishery at Cruives, in the vicinity of Aberdeen.—*Bell.*

"Mr. S., the worthy superintendent alluded to (says the writer) is a person not only extremely attentive to the discharge of his trust but is also endowed with much curious observation. Study, and his nightly vigils have not yet reduced him to a skeleton, though his grief for the loss of his favorite dog has certainly, from being a very portly [illegible] brought him nearer the chance of [illegible] the eye of a needle. He soon saw something more than common in the dog, which I should long since have told you was christened by the name of Tiger. With that grateful instinct which characterises his race, this sagacious creature began to consider as it were, how to render himself useful to the kind hand that fed and caressed him; and for that purpose, in constantly attending his master to the water side, saw that fish was the object, and water the element he had to study. Accordingly, although smooth haired, and without a particle of the spaniel, Newfoundlander, or water dog in him, he set about swimming and learning to practise all manner of aquatic evolutions, smiling about the nets, and at first fearfully approaching the salmon as they were drawn to shore, and then eager to mouth them. For a while, led only by the sweep of the net, and sight of the corks up bearing it, but by degrees eagerly watching the practised eyes of the fishermen who see long down the stream the approach of fish by a particular swirl on the surface of the river, immediately over the salmon (imperceptible to any vision but their own.) Tiger soon became as expert at this as themselves; and at his warning would they always bestir themselves, and generally with success. Not only did the dog do this, but he went further—he saw the fish for himself, and took them by himself, without the assistance of man, or material of any kind! At first, as was to be expected, his success was small, but his instinct soon made him expert, and he has been known to kill from twelve to fifteen salmon in a day. In the coldest mornings and the darkest nights, he was, it may be said, never off guard, nor ever so happy as when on it. In a middling river, when the water was not too high, he would place himself for hours together on a stone a little below the rapids, and watch the fish coming up, allow it to pass him, when following it up to the rush at the bottom of the dykes, where it was shallower, bounce at once on his prey, and fixing his teeth a little below the neck, keep fast hold, and struggling with the salmon, sometimes above water, and sometimes below it, go down the stream for a considerable distance, and almost always returning victor. With a high river when in a *speat* as we say here, after much rain, he would perch himself on the very edge of the high Cruive dyke, with the water roiling and babbling about him to his belly, watching the dart upwards of the fish, and, immediately he saw one spring at it at all hazards till he laid it on the bank, wagging his tail and seemingly more delighted than the fishermen at the proportion his individual exertions contributed to the general stock. On one occasion he grappled with an enormous fish of twenty three pounds, sustained a desperate battle with it, and had nearly mastered it, when a fisherman, seeing the struggle, went to Tiger's assistance, laid hold of the salmon by the tail, and before the dog had quitted the gripe, the fish, by a convulsive twist, laid both man and dog on their backs—but though it was, that salmon went the way of all flesh. On another occasion his master had left him at twelve o'clock on a Sunday night, before the fishing season commences on Monday morning, chained to his couch. Tiger drew the couch down the bank to the river, and breaking the chain, killed several salmon ere Mr. S.'s return. On one particularly stormy night—so bad that the fishermen were driven to shelter in a public house hard by—Tiger disdained to quit his post, and killed of himself seven fish that very night whilst they were solacing themselves. If his master was at home and sad, 'Tiger, there is a fish coming'—off he went, wagging his tail, and either returned *successful*, or his whiskers garnished with fresh salmon scales in proof of his industry! If the fish was small he would bring it ashore, 'as if he had a tobacco-pipe in his mouth,' as the fishermen termed it. It would be endless to recount the thousandth part of the numerous instances of the sagacity, industry, patience, and sport of this invaluable dog—his affection, his intelligence I may say, and the unwearied desire he manifested, as it were, to show his sense of *duty* to those who supported and were kind to him! And what was his end? Does he yet live, basking in his old age in the sunshine of their favor and protection? I almost shudder with indignation when I write it—this animal, so favored by Nature, and so distinguished by the dumb attributes of every *good* quality a poor quadruped could possess, was last week only most inhumanly shot by some miscreant hand, which has not yet been discovered, although a considerable reward has been offered for the detection of the *brute* who could kill such a dog."—*Bell's Life in London.*

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Pittsburgh, Jan. 6, 1832.

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To Printers and Publishers.

THE subscriber's expectations having been more than realized in the sale of his LIGHT FACE PRINTING TYPE, he takes this opportunity of returning thanks for the favours received. He hopes by the exertions made and now making of bringing out new articles, which may be depended upon for service, as well as in Stereotyping as Printing, that his Typographical Brethren, and Publishers, will find it beneficial to themselves to continue their patronage.

A new and complete series of Alphabets, from Agate to English, NEW STYLE, (hair lines rather stouter than any heretofore got up in this country,) are now in a state of forwardness. Agate, Minion, Brevier, and Long Primer, are complete, impressions of which can be seen on application; this style of type is more particularly calculated for Newspaper Printing.

The demand for the subscriber's Type, and Stereotype, has been so extensive, that he has been induced to enlarge his establishment by an additional building—so that he is now prepared to execute the most extensive orders in either line, with much greater facility than heretofore; and on as favourable terms, as to credit, &c. as are offered at similar establishments.

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Gold Balances.

PERSONS in the habit of purchasing English Gold, are informed, that the subscriber has just imported some superior BALANCES; they are very small, and particularly correct. Banks should never be without them. [illegible] weigh Sovereigns and Halves, also [illegible] Thirds. S. J. [illegible]ER.

TO PRINTERS.

A. PELL & BROTHER.

LATE WM. HAGAN & CO.

HAVE removed their Type Foundry to No. 26 Gold [illegible] John street, New York, and having enlarged their premises, are prepared [illegible] with great despatch. All articles [illegible] Printers furnished to order at the [illegible] prices. Chases, Composing Sticks, Cases, &c. constantly on hand.

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New-York, Jan. 20th 1832.

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THE subscriber returns his sincere thanks for the encouragement he has met with, since his commencement. He now informs his friends and the public generally, that he has taken and neatly fitted up the whole of the basement story in the FRANKLIN BUILDINGS, *corner of Ann and Nassau streets* in a manner which enables him to accommodate any number, and hopes by his endeavors to give satisfaction to merit a continuance of their patronage. Refreshments of all kinds excepting inebriating liquors from sun-rise to 10 o'clock in the evening.

H. PATTINSON.

N. B. Most of the city papers are received and kept on file. m 10 1831

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We shall be happy to wait upon those ladies and gentlemen who desire our attendance at their respective dwellings.

New York, February 4, 1832.

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TIME and extensive use having tested and established the superiority of my Machine Cast Type over that cast by hand, I beg leave to call your attention to the following remarks:—

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GEORGE BRUCE.

New-York, Jan. 28, 1832.

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BY WILLIAM T. PORTER & CO.
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NEW-YORK.

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 12, 1832.

"DISTRAINING FOR RENT."

Our city readers may imagine from our caption that we are about to inflict upon them a column of reminiscences of last week's "Quarter-day." We confess that it does look ominous, and they will hardly believe us, when we stoutly asseverate that such is not our intention. We have heard enough, felt enough, and seen enough of the 1st of May in New-York, where, unfortunately, the subject matter of this discourse, is too often practised, to render it a novelty, especially at this present time. We, however, have seen with infinite pleasure, several scenes of "Distraining for Rent,"—where the unfortunate tenants were about being turned into the streets, even,—and yet possessed of as good feelings as you, kind readers, know us to be, we still say, we were delighted, enraptured.

We take it for granted you have seen copies of Wilkie's celebrated Pictures of this name, [Distraining for Rent,] on which has been founded a new Melo Drama, called the "RENT DAY," first produced at Drury-Lane, with distinguished approbation, and which on Saturday evening last was brought out at the American Theatre by Mr. Hamblin.

Whether the piece owes its popularity in London, to the personation of the two most prominent characters by Mr. *Wallack* and Miss *Phillips*, we are not able to say, but certain we are, that in the hands of Mr. and Mrs. *Hamblin*, Martin and Rachel Heywood will lose none of their interest, and could not find better representatives. It is gratifying in the piece before us to find a great master honored and his work illustrated, as is the case in this instance. The picture—Wilkie's "Rent Day," is not appropriated to save a bad play from the condemnation it merits; but a very agreeable piece is struck out of the painter's suggestion. Mind has whispered to mind. The pencil has become a pen, and this drama is the illustrative letter press which ought for the future to accompany the picture.

The curtain draws on the *tableau vivant*, the animated group which Wilkie has made immortal, and which the dramatist has restored to mortality, that we may know wherefore they were so honored. The scene of the picture lies in Scotland, the scene of the drama in England. A castellated manor house in a rich country, is the mansion of *Grantley*, (G. Jones,) an absentee landlord, who extinguishes the smoke of twenty chimneys to supply him with cigars, turns out families when the turn of a card deceives him, and throws a good tenant on the parish when the throw of the dice is against him. The Steward, *Old Crums*, (Farren,) is a meet agent, griping the poor to supply his master's extravagance, and grinding them to gratify his own rapacity. The rent-day toasts are, on the one side, "Punctuality to all tenants;" on the other, "Mercy to all landlords." The steward however, has no idea of mercy. *Martin Heywood*, (Mr. HAMBLIN,) whose father and grandfather lived sixty years on the farm he now occupies, is in arrear, and with his wife and four children must turn out. His brother *Toby*, (M'Kenny,) a dominie's deputy, of 15*l.* per annum, who regrets that his father did not teach him to cultivate land rather than literature, tries his eloquence on *Old Crums*. But *Silver Jack*, (Taylor,) and *Hyssop*, (Sarzedas,) the former a swell mob man, and the latter an unvarnished rogue, finding it convenient to taste country air, come to this part of the country, see the steward, and recognise in him *Capt. Harris*, formerly *Silver Jack's* master, and an escaped convict, for whose discovery 50*l.* have been offered twenty-six years before. The steward, horrified by the visit of such *old acquaintance*, is compelled to entertain them, even when a friend of his master's comes to reside at the manor-house. The steward introduces his now drunken friends as sober, religious tenants of his master, who on the *rent-day* are provoked to exceed their usual moderation. The London gentleman soon appreciates the character of his new associates, and declines their invitations to play hazard or cards. To rid himself of *Silver Jack*, the steward sends him with *Bullfrog*, (Gates,) a silly appraiser, and a freeholder of 20*l.* a year, to take possession of *Martin Heywood's* farm. *Rachel Heywood* (Mrs. HAMBLIN,) *Martin's* wife, is introduced to us watching the return of her husband. The scene is splendid. Rich corn-fields, half cut, are the foreground of a landscape, almost interminable, and of the most picturesque beauty even to the distant hill-tops, as if

"The setting sun
Blushed crimson as he kissed the heights,
And sank in gold behind them."

But misery surrounds the farm: *Martin* returns without hope, and is won from his determination to emigrate by the entreaties of his wife, and the arguments of his brother. The act ends in the farm-house, where *Beanstalk*, (Johnson,) the father of *Rachel*, with all the children are assembled, *Toby Heywood* and his sweetheart, *Polly Briggs*, (Miss Waring,) being of the party. *Martin*, full of the thoughts of his fathers, as he looks on the bed they died on, and the old chair they most valued, determines not to leave the cottage, just as the creatures of the steward enter to compel him. The "Distraining for Rent," Wilkie's companion picture to the "Rent Day," is animated in the *tableau*, at the close of the act.

In the second act the plot grows rapidly for the fruit it is to bear. *Martin* and *Toby* are abroad to seek supplies; *Rachel* and *Polly* are sitting up in the farm, waiting their return, and *Silver Jack* is up stairs—in possession. *Polly* goes out to seek *Martin*. *Jack*, finding *Rachel* alone, proposes to purchase the liberty of her husband, and the bread of her children, at the price of her virtue. She, with the spirit of a wife and mother, resists the ruffian and leaves the house, rushes towards the manor-house, but is overtaken in a copse, where, hiding herself, she overhears a plot of *Jack* and his associate *Hyssop*, for the murder of the stranger from London. She flies towards the hall, arrives before the murderers, and by a dexterity more common on the stage than in real life, contrives to enter the gentleman's chamber, and alarm him. *Jack* catches a glimpse of her, and *Martin's* voice is heard at the same moment. *Jack* calls him, tells him he has accomplished his errand at the farm, which was to bring his wife to the gentleman. *Martin* hears with anger that she is in his bedroom, and sees with horror that she enters from it when the ruffians make their escape. *Martin* is suspected of the intended crime, and he is convinced of his wife's infidelity, forgives her supposed seducer, and determines on leaving home and England with his children. The scene of his desolation is touching; in vain does *Rachel* attempt to remove his impression of her guilt; the neighbors come to take leave of him; the officers return to enforce the distraint. *Martin* resolves to take his father's chair with him, which they endeavor to prevent. In the struggle the chair breaks, and 300 guineas, hoarded by the grandfather, roll on the ground. The strange gentleman is of course the squire, who clears the innocence of *Rachel*, and gives *Martin* his farm in freehold. The steward is taken in the act of decamping with the squire's plate and money, and in a rather long story tells us that he did all this to revenge himself on *Grantley's* father, who had robbed him of his wife. The picture of this lady has been the evil genius which urged him on in his career of spoil; and if the picture were brought on at the last scene (it is not unnatural to suppose the steward desirous of taking that with him,) his story would be more intelligible, and interesting; as it is, it drags and delays the catastrophe to an ill purpose. The robbers are of course convicted, man and wife are one again. *Toby* marries *Polly*, and the squire resolves to live and die among his tenants.

Such is the simple story and such the conduct of the piece. It is of little pretension, but the scene, sentiment, language, characters, and incidents appeal to our sympathies with full force, and the piece merited all the success it met with, which was triumphant.

If it would not seem uncalled for, we would beg leave to recommend to Mr. Hamblin, or "whom it may concern," the propriety of making use of the scissors in the scene where "Rachel" attempts to undeceive her husband, which is altogether too long in *our* opinion; and also in that of "Old Crums;" the first is too affecting; too heavy, in consequence of there being so little relief from the other parts, and in the "yarn" of "Old Crums" we could not but wish it over from the commencement.

Mr. HAMBLIN's personation of "Martin" was what we might have expected from an actor of his acknowledged talent. He had evidently studied the *picture*, as well as the character. Mrs. H. as "Rachel" was much applauded; indeed the part was one calculated to draw her out; to bring into play those feelings which none but a *mother* in her situation, could possess, and to which none know better how to give their full expression. In Mr. Farren's "Old Crums" there was not much to admire; too much rant and noise for us, though on the whole, the part is one not suited, and was no doubt "foreign to his feelings." Gates was quite the thing as "Bull-frog," and seemed to pretty well understand what he so frequently repeated, that "business is business." "Hyssop" was all "whiskers,"—though Taylor's "Silver Jack" was respectable; they neither of them played with usual spirit. "Toby Heywood" found in McKinney, an able representative; Miss Waring's "Polly Briggs" was quite clever. In fact, for we have not time to say more, the actors generally deserved credit for their efforts. A few repetitions will remove these slight objections, and then, with a little judicious cutting, the drama will work as it ought to do.

THE FROG CATCHER.

A fashionable tailor in a neighboring village came out with a flaming advertisement, which was posted up in the bar-room of the tavern, and excited general attention. He purported to have for sale a splendid assortment of coats, pantaloons, and vests, of all colors and fashions, also a great variety of trimmings, such as tape, thread buckram, *frogs*, buttonmoulds, and all the endless small articles that make up a tailor's stock.

Some wags, residing a short distance from the village, noticed this advertisement, and determined to make it a source of amusement to themselves, at the expence of a poor, shallow-pated fellow, named Timothy Drew—a shoemaker.

Accordingly, the next time Timmy made his appearance, they pointed out to him the advertisement. They especially called his attention to the article of *frogs*, and reminded him of the great quantity to be caught in Lily Pond, the name of a large pond in the neighborhood of his residence, notorious for its numerous frogs and lilies. "Why Timmy," said they "if you would give up shoe-making, and take to frog catching, you would make your tarnal fortune!

"Yes, Timmy," said another, "you might bag a thousand in half a day, and folks say they will bring a dollar a hundred."

"*Two* for a cent apiece, they brought in New-York, when I was there last," said a cross-eyed fellow tipping the wink.

"There's frogs enough in Lily Pond," said Timmy—"but it's darnation hard work to catch 'em. I swaggers, I chased one nearly half a day before I took him—he jumped like a grasshopper. I wanted him for bait. They're plaguy slippery fellows."

"Never mind, Timmy take a fish net, and scoop 'em up. You must have 'em alive, and fresh. A lot at this time would fetch a great price.

"I'll tell you what, Timmy," said one of them taking him aside, "I'll go you shares. Say nothing about it to nobody. To-morrow night, I'll come and help you catch 'em, and we'll divide the profit." Timmy was in raptures.

As Timmy walked home that night, one of those lucky thoughts came into his head, which are always the offspring of solitude and reflection. Thought he, "These ere frogs in a manner belong to me, since my shop stands nearest to the pond. Why should I make two bites at a cherry and divide the profits with Jo Gawky? By gravy! I'll get up early to-morrow morning, catch the frogs, and be off with them to the tailor's before sunrise, and so keep all the money myself."

Timmy was awake with the lark. Never before was there such a stir amongst the frogs of Lily Pond. But they were taken by surprise.—With infinite difficulty he filled his bag—and departed on his journey.

Mr. Buckram, the tailor, was an elderly gentleman, very nervous and very peevish. He was extremely nice in his dress, and prided himself on keeping his shop as neat as waxwork. In his manner he was grave and abrupt, and in countenance severe. I can see him now, handing his shears with all the solemnity of a magistrate, with spectacles on nose, and prodigious ruffles puffing from his bosom.

He was thus engaged one pleasant spring morning, when a short stubbed fellow, with a bag on